

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,115 Vol. 120.

10 July 1915.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	25	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued).		CORRESPONDENCE—(continued).	
LEADING ARTICLES:		One Way of Looking at Blunders	37	The Longtailed Titmouse	41
The Dardanelles	28	The Spear-head	38	Marshal Haynau	41
The Government and its Critics	29	CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
Wanted—A Committee of Public Economy	30	Reprisals in War	38	An Essayist of the Tories	41
Lord Haldane and Lord Curzon	31	Lord Haldane and the Late Government	39	"Care's Check and Curb"	42
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 49). By Vieille Moustache	32	Cotton as Contraband	40	Our Treatment of Prisoners	43
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		"The New Symptoms of Hysteria"	40	A Story of Cornwall	43
A Pro-Consul's Recreations	34	Women and Nursing	40	Latest Books	44
Mestrovic. By C. H. Collins Baker	35	A Mythical Speech of the Duke of Wellington	40	Books Received	44
The End of the Boreen. By Jane Barlow	36				

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is one way, and one way alone, in which we can hope to defeat an enemy scientifically equipped and resolute. We must be drastic and thorough in all we undertake. The war cannot be won by mild and moderate measures, by Parliamentary divisions, by half-and-quarter measures. Lord Kitchener's speech at the Guildhall yesterday was heavy with a sense of this. A first step has this week been taken in the direction of "thorough" by the passing into law of the National Registration Act; and the importance of this Act was revealed by Lord Kitchener at the Guildhall. It will enable the Government to act upon their knowledge of what our resources are. We shall know, for example, how many young men there are of military age who are not yet serving their country in the workshops or in the field. Lord Kitchener tells us that he wants these men, preferably the unmarried men. The means are now in the hands of the Government of "developing our resources" when and how it chooses to do so. The thing must now be done thoroughly and scientifically.

The nation trusts utterly in the great soldier who warned it from the first that the war would be a long one. The reasons he had for this opinion, he tells us now, still hold good to-day. He desires to make a "larger demand on the resources of British manhood". That demand has to be met without further loss of time and energy. Unless it be met, we cannot hope to win the war. We shall linger out the struggle, exhausting one by one our opportunist plans; but we cannot achieve the complete victory we need. Lord Kitchener has plainly declared our necessity, and the country, we are sure, is weighing his words very carefully to-day. The firm hold of Lord Kitchener upon public esteem and gratitude—his power to move men and to fill their minds—was finely illustrated yesterday in the great welcome he received from the people.

It is difficult to select from Sir Ian Hamilton's

Dardanelles despatch the most notable features. Each succeeding paragraph records a sublime feat of arms. The least costly of the five landings might well have seemed to the attacking party a forlorn hope. Early in the despatch there is a significant statement that preliminary reconnaissance could not reveal the strength of the enemy in detail. This had to be ascertained by "practical" means. In other words, five simultaneous attacks were made. Perhaps some of them would fail utterly. But somewhere a footing had to be made upon one of the strongest naturally fortified positions in the world—a position which had for months been scientifically strengthened by an alarmed and expectant enemy.

The first position dealt with in the despatch was naturally so strong that little care had been taken to fortify it. The King's Own Scottish Borderers had ascended the gullies and established themselves on the heights before they were seriously molested. Hardly were they entrenched, however, than they were compelled to withstand assaults delivered through the whole of the day and night. They could neither be supported nor reinforced. Next day one half of the Borderers remained, with no alternative but to retreat to the ships. Their sacrifice was not, however, in vain, for they diverted troops from other areas where other hard-pressed landing parties were making good.

Sir Ian Hamilton's story of the landing from the "Clyde" on V beach opens with an appalling description of the terrain. The landing parties were virtually required to leap from the sea into an amphitheatre commanded from all sides by the enemy's fire. The only protection lay beyond the zone of fire. By rushing across the beach and huddling under a small escarpment a remnant of brave companies were able to effect a landing. The scenes upon the fire-swept beach and the near sea are unforgettable. The survivors from these first fatal rushes afterwards stormed the hill and fort of Sedd-el-Bahr. In this assault perished Captain Walford and Lieutenant-Colonel

Doughty-Wylie, who continuously had led and cheered their men through the whole day and night of the 25th.

The taking of W beach by the Lancashires is the operation most highly commended by Sir Ian Hamilton: "It is my firm conviction that no finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldier—or any other soldier—than the storming of these trenches from open boats on the morning of the 25th April". The men broke through the entanglements under fire and "set forth to storm the enemy's entrenchments *wherever they could find them*". This matches the conduct of the Australians in the night attack near Kaba Tepe. "Each man went straight as his bayonet at the enemy."

We must read as a postscript to Sir Ian Hamilton's record the latest despatches describing the advance upon Krithia. This is now known as the Battle of Gully Ravine—the most successful operation since the landing was effected. The result has been to secure on the British left wing new terrain within a right-angled triangle, each side of which is a mile long. The attack was made on one particular section of the enemy's line, upon which all our available artillery was concentrated. "The whole section to be attacked soon disappeared from view, and looked like one huge furnace".

The "Times" correspondent thus describes the preliminary bombardment in an attack of this kind: "There was no general advance along the whole line. A section of it was selected, every available gun was concentrated on the works to be assaulted, and they were battered to pieces or completely smothered by high explosive shells, whilst the wire in front was cut to pieces by 20 minutes' concentrated shrapnel fire; and thus when our infantry were let loose they were able to walk into some of them almost without opposition, the Turks who were not dead running away or surrendering". This easy advance was not, of course, invariable. In particular there was a fine charge upon a second line of trenches under heavy fire of the Royal Fusiliers.

The land campaign upon every front is now in a state of suspense. The Russians have not yet surrendered the five rivers. They have, indeed, turned vigorously at bay near Kraknitz. In France the Germans have delivered several attacks—only one of which was partially successful. The British have made a small advance at Ypres. Meantime there are rumours of heavy transport between East and West behind the closed frontiers of Belgium.

The German Fleet has had another of its mighty victories: one of its submarines near the Dardanelles having contrived to torpedo and sink the "Carthage", the mail and passenger ship of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, and to kill a certain number of the crew. The "Carthage" was unarmed and carried no munitions of war of any kind. English and American people who have crossed the Mediterranean to Tunis in this beautiful and speedy vessel will sympathise with France and with the courteous and admirable Compagnie Transatlantique on the loss. One of the minor effects of this war will be the purifying of Tunisia and Algeria from the German taint. It seems that they spied and plotted there as everywhere they went, but not at all successfully, for the natives of Tunis and other cities remained staunch to our Ally. German vulgarity and violence have made no impression on North Africa; they have been specially detested in Morocco.

The Allies have lost another good ship in the "Amalfi"—destroyed by an Austrian submarine in the Adriatic. The Italian sailors faced death in the manner of the French on board the stricken "Bouvet"; but, in this instance, most of the crew were saved after the ship went down. Against this loss of our Ally we may set the loss in the Baltic of two German cruisers

—one sunk by a submarine, the other driven on the Swedish coast in an outpost action between a German and a Russian squadron.

Lord Selborne warns us this week to take into serious account, when we are calculating our food supplies, the attrition of our mercantile marine. The loss of British vessels by submarine is kept within wonderfully narrow limits considering. Our ships are scattered over the whole world, keeping the country stocked and accessible in time of war, though the waters are infested with enemy mines and under-sea craft. Nevertheless we are faced with a slow and steady loss of our vessels. There is no reason to suppose that this will diminish with time. The enemy is increasing the size and number of its submarines. They will certainly do what they can to strike hard at our carrying trade. Already the lack of ships for ordinary trade purposes is a serious factor in depressing the balance of trade against us.

The conduct of the British mercantile marine under these conditions has been admirable. It goes quietly about its business subject any moment to the threat of the enemy. Already there have been instances of devoted bravery and skilfulness in face of a hostile attack. Everyone will have read this week of the fine achievement of the "Anglo-Californian". This small steamer met a German submarine off the Irish coast. For four hours it sustained a running pursuit with shell fire. Out of a crew of thirty, ten, including the brave captain, were killed and eight wounded. The ship was brought in by the captain's son after his father had been killed beside him.

Elsewhere we refer to the remarkable speech of Lord Haldane at the National Liberal Club this week. Mr. Lloyd George, later in the week, sent out an authorised statement taking somewhat marked exception to Lord Haldane's account of how the Committee of the last Cabinet, so far back as October, considered the shortage of munitions and proposed to correct it, and would have corrected it but for difficulties between Capital and Labour. Mr. Lloyd George considers the account misleading in some respects, and objects to the breach of Cabinet confidence. We think the incident need not now be further enquired into. Probably Lord Haldane was substantially correct, but inaccurate in some details. In any case we would not magnify the matter: it is largely personal, and is not now material as to how we can speedily increase the munitions under the new régime.

Sir Edward Grey is returning to his work, and the nation will welcome that event. It would be quite impossible to name two men more finely fitted in temper and in their whole character for the work of the Foreign Office to-day than Sir Edward Grey and Lord Robert Cecil: that arrangement is certainly one of the Prime Minister's triumphs in the very delicate and trying task he had in re-forming the Government. A Grey and a Cecil reigning together at the Foreign Office—there is a splendid tradition about that. But thinking back to the days, say, of the Far Eastern crisis in the late 'nineties, when the first named was the watchman and spokesman for the Opposition in Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons, who would have deemed such an arrangement within the bounds of possibility! It is a pity that excessive and thought-saving repetition has made of . . . *nos et mutamur in illis* such a worn, disreputable old cliché, for, despite its obviousness, it secretes fascinating riddles of life and personality.

The return of Lord Fisher to active work for the Navy is a most welcome event. His new duties are described as "to assist the Admiralty in co-ordinating and encouraging scientific effort in its relation to the requirements of the naval service". This work has lately been clearly ear-marked for a new Department. It is skilled and special work, calling for constant

vigilance and a quick imagination. Lord Fisher, as the head of this Board, will find work to do of the highest interest and value.

Wednesday this week was France's day—a day when the thoughts of the British people turned with an eager sympathy towards our nearest Ally. It was not alone a sympathy with France gripped and devastated by the enemy. Our friendship for France has latterly grown in a quite amazing way. It is now a national thing. There has arisen a deep and lasting recognition that the superficial things which have pointed many old contrasts and differences between the two nations are easily outweighed by a likeness in many fundamental ways. Our own soldiers in France will not easily unlearn all that they have discovered concerning the sobriety, homeliness, chivalry, courage, patriotism, and the will to be free of their French comrades. Lord Curzon put some of these things into a moving and noble oration on Wednesday.

The Imperial Government has this week accepted the offer of South Africa to send a contingent of troops to the war. This free and unprompted act of South Africa is a sign of difficulties overcome and of a fine Imperial spirit. South Africa had her own problems to face. Not only has General Botha victoriously conducted a difficult campaign, broken the German resistance in S.W. Africa, and effected the surrender of the German armies. He has also weathered a serious domestic crisis. Then, the first moment in which he is free to work beyond the borders of the Union an offer is made to serve the Empire wherever it may be necessary. This is a truly great record. In South Africa the war has discovered a great man in General Botha. We owe it mainly to him that the self-appointed task of South Africa in dealing with the enemy upon her frontiers has so quickly been achieved. We also owe to him the moderating of party differences and party temper which has made of this last offer an inevitable crowning of his work.

We hear with cordial pleasure that Sir Robert Borden will visit London during the summer. The date of his departure has not yet been fixed, but it is admitted in Canada that he desires to see the Home Government and to study the war at first hand. The Dominions in many ways have set the British at home a fine example of thoroughness. Genuine National Service in Australia and New Zealand is a democratic pioneer far in advance of all spurious and unfair voluntarism. It does not talk idly of "militarism" when it is fighting a life-or-death crusade. That we are thinking too much about the British Islands and too little about the Empire is noticeable everywhere. Not even the House of Commons reminds the public habitually in its debates that insular cranks and prejudices make a Disunited Kingdom and a weakened Empire. But we refuse to believe that our new Government will allow this false and essentially wrong point of view to persist. Every day the presence of the Dominions in the House of Commons ought to be as evident as it would be in an Imperial Parliament. Every Dominion is a spiritual member of the Cabinet; and the blood which it has given to this war has a moral right which the dropping of papers into ballot-boxes cannot give to political candidates.

On Thursday Mr. Balfour unveiled in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall a marble bust of Joseph Chamberlain, which the City Corporation intends to place in the lobby of the Council Chamber. The bust is by Mr. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., a sculptor of insight and distinction. Mr. Balfour, in a memorable speech, told his countrymen that to honour the memory of great departed statesmen should draw us closer and closer to the imperative needs and duties of the present hour, because we are now engaged in carrying out that policy of our forefathers which built up the Empire, and which at all risks and costs we must defend with success. Joseph Chamberlain, like Pitt, like Chatham, was a masterful statesman, and from his example we

should draw courage and inspiration. When we think of those who have gone, we often say to ourselves: "Had he been spared, how would he have acted had it been thrown upon him to deal with the difficulties which now confront us? If that question be asked with regard to Joseph Chamberlain, there need be no doubt or hesitation as to the answer. . . . We know that he would have shown all that serene courage and ardent patriotism which ever distinguished him. . . . He would have thrown himself whole-heartedly, without reserve, doubt, or questioning, into a national effort in which men of all parties, of all shades of opinion, with political pasts of every character and complexion, work together with unfailing unity to bring out the result which unity alone can give us". Yes, and Joseph Chamberlain would have made sure that every effort had behind it the full motive-power of a supremely national thoroughness.

Mr. Balfour, like Professor Cramb, lingered over the great difference separating the British Empire from all other adventures in the history of colonisation. Joseph Chamberlain understood the genius of the new Imperialism, and perceived in the spread of self-government in all our Colonies, not a drift towards separation, but a stage towards closer union. That he was right, that his political imagination made him one of the wisest architects of Empire, has been proved during the last eleven months. For ten years the Chamberlain spirit has reigned in other men at the Colonial Office, with the result that the Empire became as admirably fitted for unity in war as for friendly competition in the pursuits of peace.

The debate on the National Registration Bill on Monday should not be taken too seriously. The Coalition Government need have no fear of the flies and mosquitoes who buzzed about Mr. Walter Long's very moderate and reasonable Bill. A majority of 230 members was present in the House resolved that the Bill should pass without needless disputing. They had behind them all those absent members who are fighting or serving the State in other ways. The minority of thirty consisted of men who talked, mainly, as though there was not any war at all. The Government showed, if anything, too much respect for their wretched little bickerings.

The Bill was reported to the House on Thursday. The contentious critics again intervened; but the debate was extricated at the last out of these drab regions by Mr. Long's speech of cordial thanks to his supporters, and by one or two excellent speeches. Notably Sir Frederick Banbury spoke with courage and directness; and Mr. Ellis Griffith, in a brilliant speech, firmly denied that the majority of the speeches delivered during the recent debates represented the real feeling of the House. Speeches like these of Sir Frederick Banbury and Mr. Ellis Griffith served excellently to clear the vitiated air on Thursday.

The debate in the House of Lords on public economy added some information to the appeals made by Lord Middleton in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Lord St. Aldwyn showed that war taxation falls on a small percentage of the people, and collects a great deal less than the national self-respect ought to pay at once. Not only does it make attacks on accumulations of capital, it spares those who are receiving good wages from this capital dispersed. War being collectivist in its finance, taxation should run counter to the mischief done to the prospects of trade by a dispersion of capital: the fuel of wealth-earning enterprise. It is indirect taxation that collects most equitably for the payment of war expenses a necessary portion of the wages and profits earned out of war by certain workmen and their employers. Lord St. Aldwyn claims that taxation ought to pay a full half of the total costs of the war. How else can the people be just to their posterity? The attack on wealthy income-tax payers cannot be carried much farther; already it is near to confiscation.

Last September it imposed on them a charge of 5s. in the pound on their total incomes, and to this they must add the money paid as insurance against heavy death duties. We believe that much good would be done if a committee of men representing all classes in the community met in London to discuss the means by which new taxation could be imposed in the most equitable manner.

Lord Midleton's facts and figures ought to be placarded in every district throughout the United Kingdom. In 1895 the Stationery Vote was £580,000; at present it is £1,031,000. Parliamentary papers have gone up from £68,000 to £82,000. National Insurance Commissioners ordered 2,800 tons of paper and distributed 175 million circulars—four each to every member of the population. There is a national loss on telegrams amounting every year to £1,250,000. Public waste has risen higher and higher. In fact, it went out of sight. No one perceived it until Lord Midleton drew a chart of its altitudes.

Earl Loreburn desires that Lord Midleton should speak of economy to all the nations in Europe, because at present his figures deal only with our own country, the wealthiest nation now engaged in the war. But Germany would be unaffected by financial considerations. Her policy is a game of chance, and she thinks of victory, not of ruin. Paper money will serve her turn if the Allies permit her to win as they allowed her to take them by surprise. Whatever the defeat of Germany may cost the Allies, it will be in the long run the best economy in their histories. For German policy has been to the welfare of Europe what quicksands are to the enterprise of civil engineers.

The attempt by a German-American upon the life of Mr. Pierpont Morgan is not an event of diplomatic importance. It was the unprompted crime of a person not responsible for his actions. It is right that no attempt should be made to turn it to international account. It is true that he was stirred to this particular crime by the German-American preaching and teaching. But it would be neither fair nor wise to insist too closely upon the connection.

A correspondent in the SATURDAY REVIEW lately objected to the misuse of such words as "decimated", "pulverised", "phenomenal", "holocaust", "hecatomb", and "desperate". "Desperate" is a word especially sinned against to-day in some flowery pages. "Desperate struggle", "desperate fighting" are applied indifferently to victors and to vanquished, to German, Austrian, Russian. The word is employed indiscreetly. We may hear presently of "desperate hopes" or of "hopeful desperation", of "joyous despair" and of "despairing joy".

Nor does it seem to be generally understood that volunteer can only signify willingness, for we find the expression "willing volunteers", which is as if one were to write "compelled compulsion". "Phenomenal", however, seems about the hardest adventurer of all. It is used to signify something that "licks creation". One of the least adjectival of words, it is made by many a descriptive pen into the most adjectival. What is the origin of this little error? Perhaps it may be sought in the length and sound of the word, suggesting to some ears that which is momentous, stupendous. Pedantry we despise; whilst as for slips in English, slips in grammar, every pen must fall into them. The noblest of our writers—Shakespeare, Byron, Browning, Milton, Meredith, Hardy, with a host of others—have constantly tripped from the little watchful grammarian's point of view. It does not matter—it is commonly the grammarian and not they who are the lesser through the discovery of such slips. But one does plead for a certain weighing of words and phrases, a little deliberation, when the duty is to set forth some great event. One pleads then for a moral sense in the use of words.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE DARDANELLES.

WE shall engage in no debate at this time as to why the last Government entered into what Sir Ian Hamilton terms the "stupendous" conflict at Gallipoli with another still greater and more vital conflict on their hands. Equally, it would be dangerous and without profit to indulge to-day in that other discussion it naturally leads up to—namely, why having decided to undertake this great secondary war in the Mediterranean, did the last Government give the artful and powerful enemy full notice beforehand by engaging at the start in a useless and costly demonstration with the Fleet? Such a debate is really out of the question, first, because the material for it is not available, and to engage in it now would be utterly useless. After all, to be frank, we only know certain disconnected scraps and oddments which do not always fit together at all convincingly—a Pall Mall rumour here as to what incited the Admiralty to action, a City whisper there as to what weighed with the Foreign Office in the watch it had to keep over the suspicious-looking or the hopeful-looking attitude of this wavering neutral in the Balkans or of the other.

That is one reason why people of judgment, weighing the matter quietly, will hold themselves severely apart from any attempt to raise a Dardanelles debate to-day. But to read through deliberately the Despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton, which carries the chronicle of the Dardanelles operations to 5 May, is surely to be seized at once of another reason, in its different way equally convincing: to fall now into a savage dispute—and such a dispute, if or when it does occur, is bound to be very savage and sustained, considering the several public reputations that are intimately concerned in it—would be an abominable affront to, and an abominable forgetting of, the men who have given their lives to their country with a most superb devotion. Readers of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" may recall how, when in the midst of the tragedy, a fierce personal quarrel in relation to that tragedy threatens to arise and weapons are drawn in protest and rage, the Master of Ravenswood waives the dispute aside and says sternly that there is no time for "triflers" now. To discuss and wrangle over the genesis of the Dardanelles campaign, and the responsibility for this or that course, is utter trifling now and is a cruel slight to our Army and Navy in the Mediterranean. The campaign at the Dardanelles, an Iliad of heroes, has to go through. Withdrawal from it is, virtually, as impossible as withdrawal from the Channel; and the country has to accept the clearing of the Turks from Gallipoli as a twin duty with the clearing of the Germans from Belgium. The effect of getting through must be immense: it must prove a tremendous blow against the Central Powers.

In the past we confess we have been visited by doubts as to whether the task can be accomplished, with the other great campaign at our gates. But reading the Despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton such doubts tend to disperse. The Despatch, it is true, shows that we by no means overrated the tremendous difficulties and dangers of the campaign, even with Army and Navy acting in perfect unison; that indeed, if anything, we somewhat underrated those difficulties. But the Despatch also proves a valour and an endurance in the men, a sheer joy in facing wounds and death, that enlighten and surprise one even in these times when self-sacrifice and devotion appear as a kind of common form in both Services, among all

ranks indifferently. Can the men who won the five beaches at Gallipoli in the way described by Sir Ian Hamilton in his wonderful chronicle really be denied success—they and the men of the same lion brood whom Great Britain and Australia and New Zealand will send to their aid? We feel there is no denying them the success on which their wills are set. Years ago there was published in English a deeply interesting work, fair in spirit as well as informing in its criticism, on the South African War by the German Official Staff; and one remembers in that book a remark to the effect that there is a certain limit to men's endurance of fire in frontal attacks beyond which even the bravest civilised men cannot advance. Perhaps there is such a limit: one has recognised this in the descriptions of various historic attacks on a strongly posted enemy: but had the writers of the book seen the attack of, let us say, the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers on Beach W, as Sir Ian Hamilton relates that attack, then they might have considerably stretched the limit of fire endurance in brave men: for it seems doubtful whether anything short literally of annihilation could stop men of this character. We hold therefore that the Dardanelles problem can be solved.

The solution resides no doubt partly in more shells, fresh and continuous reinforcements; but mainly it resides in the mighty spirit of the men. It was feared even a year or so ago, and not unnaturally, that the old valour which gave England an Empire and a history lustrous with great adventure might be lessened or lost through overmuch home staying and commercialism; yet that martial valour appears after all to have been accumulating all the while at compound interest. This war has produced many discoveries and surprises, but none so unlooked for in great numbers of scarcely tried soldiers and none half so precious to our race as the mettle of the men who have answered the glorious call.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ITS CRITICS.

IT is not easy for men who have all their lives been absorbed in set controversies, who have fostered in themselves inveterate personal animosities and habitually trained themselves to think politically within established boundaries, suddenly to realise that what they have hitherto understood as public life has virtually ceased to exist. Even now there are men who think of the war as an unfortunate interlude. They have agreed to put other matters aside for the moment; but they still think instinctively of these other matters as being neatly filed and ticketed, to be taken down and dealt with in the old, familiar way when the war is finished. The war has not yet made any fundamental difference in their way of speaking and thinking. They admit that the war is a grave and a terrible event. But they keep it as a thing apart from the ideas and interests with which they were formerly preoccupied. They have not allowed the war to work like leaven among their old habits of thought. It is now many months since Mr. Asquith, in one of his wise, thought-heavy speeches, first warned the House of Commons that the war must dwarf all distinctions of class and party. But this lesson has not yet been completely mastered. There is abundant evidence in the recent debates in Parliament on the Munitions Bill and the National Registration Bill that there is still an active minority which remains essentially unaffected by the war.

It is a very small minority. Its size is more or less represented by the figures in Monday's division upon Mr. Walter Long's moderate and considered Bill. Thirty out of two hundred and sixty members voted for an amendment to obstruct the Bill at the end of a

debate to which they contributed in a ratio out of all proportion to their importance. These figures imply that Parliament, like the nation, is on the whole resolved that no impediment shall be placed in the way of measures recommended by the Coalition as necessary to the public safety. It is now realised that the Coalition Government, as we have insisted from the first, is the political expression of a conviction that there is to-day no room for controversy upon party lines. The party truce under which we entered into the war was not a true expression of the facts. The party truce implied that the parties still consciously reserved their differences. It implied that the war was being treated as a rather more serious political question than usual. The Coalition implies no such reservations. It implies that the war is not a political but a national question. Those who criticise the Coalition, who openly distrust it and dislike it, have not yet realised what the Coalition means. Incredible as it may seem, there are people who still value a pedantic constancy to old phrases and turns of thought beyond any of the things with which they have been confronted in the last six months. They cannot yet realise that we are engaged in a war which must determine our whole future, or they would feel the blind bathos of their speeches. They read each morning the Roll of Honour and talk in the afternoon of a "grave interference with the liberties of the subject". They suffer from a hard callosity of the imagination which nothing seems able to pierce.

It is unfortunate that this minority should be allowed to give to friends and enemies alike a false impression of the national temper. Mr. Walter Long rightly speaks for the nation when he says that public opinion will not allow any useful measure to be obstructed. The best part of the public is getting the war into perspective. It realises that the war has made an end of party differences. It firmly believes that in the mind of a loyal statesman no political side-thoughts are now permitted to lurk; and it bases on this belief an unreserved confidence in the Coalition. We do not think this confidence will be impaired by the speeches of men who still think as they thought before the war. The nation and the Government together are learning to leave these men out of their calculations. Let these mosquito critics continue to talk of the liberty of the subject. We are thinking to-day of the liberty of England.

It is enough for Parliament and for the country that the Government should ask firmly for whatever powers it thinks necessary to employ the resources of the country to the best advantage. When the Minister of a Cabinet which has no party or private advantage to consider comes to the House of Commons and tells it that a certain measure is essential, that it is the least the Government will accept, that no second-best can be regarded as reasonable or safe—it is for Parliament to declare its confidence in the national leaders. This is now understood by the majority of members in the House. The usefulness of a debate to-day entirely depends on helpful suggestion and the correction of details. There is little purpose to be served by divisions or by questioning the main principles of a Bill. Destructive criticism cannot be carried far without tending to destroy confidence in the only possible Parliamentary and national Government that can at this time be got together. The unfortunate debate in the House on Monday went beyond a merely destructive criticism of the Bill. It read party and sectarian suspicions between the lines of the Bill; it questioned the good faith of the men who framed it; it openly proclaimed a distrust of the Government—a distrust founded not upon what the Government was proposing to do, but what it might propose to do at some future time.

It is not possible to read with patience speeches like those of Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Snowden in the debate on the Registration Bill. These speeches deeply wrong the leaders of all the parties in the Government. They suggest without a jot of evidence that the dis-

agreements and rivalries of extinct parties are still operative in the councils of men whose sole preoccupation now is to save the country. If one were to read strictly into these speeches what they seem to imply one would have to assume that it was the intention of their makers to break the new Government and make it impossible for the country to carry on. But it is not necessary to go quite so far as that. We do not imagine that these speakers would really prefer disaster and revolution to a Government by coalition. They seem rather to be acting quite at random, out of an invincible and sore-headed suspicion of anything which offends their pedantic sense of what is due to the political past.

It is to be hoped that the thirty dissentients of Monday last will fall into line before it is to be too late. They have already threatened to oppose any measure similar in intention to Mr. Walter Long's Bill; so that we would seem to be confronted here with the beginning of a Parliamentary Rump. They have certainly made a curious beginning. Nothing could be more out of all proportion with the event than this sudden, factious resistance to a Bill which simply proposes to take a census of the nation. Such measures have caused misunderstandings and riots in uncivilised countries in the past, the savage mind being prompt to read all kinds of terrors into any form of registration. But this last revolt of Mr. Snowden is surely the most fanciful example known to history. Apparently there are people who read into Mr. Long's Bill a species of fetishism. It has something to do with a devil-worship of the "Prussian System":

"Imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

There is nothing in Mr. Walter Long's Bill but what is plainly written down. It is a safe and reasonable measure enough.

WANTED—A COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC ECONOMY.

STATE economy, as we tried to prove last week, ought to be viewed from two standpoints, because the nation has to steer her way between false thrift and extravagance. Many persons have given to the public their views on this urgent matter, and already three unfortunate things have appeared in the debate. One is a feeling of alarm not far off from panic; another is a vapid criticism that scampers away from the main issues into startling generalities; and the third is a disposition to separate public economy from the national character. The nation owes to Lord Middleton and Lord St. Aldwyn a great deal for bringing these things to light. Shakespeare says, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces". The nation now should know what is to be done. Will the gaps be filled between precept and practice?

We must admit at once that economy in England has ever been the Cinderella of social virtues. Profuseness, not frugality, has been the historic mark of English finance, both private and public. Again and again the English readiness to risk vast sums of money has counteracted the English dislike of methodical forethought. To be penny foolish before a perilous time, and pound wise afterwards, is the history of her historic attitude to national defence. Gold bullets, not silver ones, have been her munitions in many a bungled war. It is a pity, of course, but England, unlike Scotland, has had a prosperous life; and prosperity is not a friend to forethought and wise thrift. Frugal habits do not "set" the genius of the English people, nor are they habits which can be taken up from day to day. Much careful guidance in every town ought to be given by committees of experts, else undirected attempts to live on a cheaper diet will do immense harm to children. Here is a very grave matter of true economy. To tell English families that they must be frugal is very like telling the Jews that they must become unmercantile.

Racial character and tradition are not to be changed by words, despite the confident ease with which many politicians talk about household thrift.

It is for public economy to set an example for private savings. Here, too, those who keep in mind the customs of the English genius will show neither panic nor excessive hope. Let us remember what England achieved during the Napoleonic Wars, when her population, including that of Wales, was only 10,164,256. Four years ago England and Wales had a population threefold larger—namely, 36,070,492. If we add Scotland and Ireland we find that between 1811 and 1911 the population of the United Kingdom increased from 18,509,116 to 45,365,599. But the wealth of the United Kingdom has ever been mainly in England; and it has multiplied more rapidly than the population. England invested £800,000,000 in the twenty years' war against Napoleon; and she can afford to invest thrice as much to-day, if necessary, in order to save her life in a two-years' crusade against Germany. She is helped by India and the Dominions; and from the first day the national courage has been free from any handicap so discouraging as that which the loss of the American Colonies brought to our forefathers.

But these cheering facts are to us only what good reports from a doctor are to his patients. To spend overmuch on war is like spending overmuch on an illness; it impoverishes the return to normal life. So we should wish to close what Lord Lansdowne has called the floodgates of public extravagance. "Checks are cast aside, and it is not a very easy matter to impose them at a time when everyone is on the side of extravagance, and when few people are ready to raise a voice in defence of economy". This applies not only to the finance of to-day, but to the civil expenditure of the last ten years. Those politicians who talked loudly against the cost of the South African War, and who cried out fiercely for retrenchment, hurried into lavish social adventures as soon as they entered office. In ten years, as Lord Middleton has demonstrated, our Imperial expenditure has risen from £142,000,000 to £207,000,000. Local expenditure in the same period has increased from £87,000,000 to £134,000,000. Ten years ago we spent in a year £112,000,000 less than we spend to-day. Lord Lansdowne has shown where economies cannot be made; and Lord Middleton has offered excellent suggestions for increasing the nation's income. If the heads of Departments are too busy to undertake a thorough scrutiny of current expenses, Lord Middleton will "undertake to find a small committee of men who have spent their lives in the public service, who know what can be done without impairing efficiency, and who, he is certain, could effect savings in the next half-year amounting to something between £5,000,000 and £9,000,000."

We hope it would be a disciplinary committee, armed with the power granted to all inspectors. Merely to give advice would be futile. Not only is the departmental pride very sensitive in public servants, but the words "You must" are the most peaceful words in business. "You ought" would provoke endless explanations and arguments. And a Committee of Public Economy ought to be permanent, like the Committee of Imperial Defence. These two agencies, indeed, acting always as loyal servants to the State, would or should control the principal weaknesses of the national character, its extravagance in civil affairs and its dangerous fondness for military half-measures.

While Lord Middleton in the House of Lords was calling attention to several defects in the Post Office, the Postmaster-General in the Commons was explaining what his department is doing to fill the ranks and to aid farmers. Mr. Samuel is setting an excellent example, and we hope he will tax the community by charging twopence for letters of 4 oz., and three farthings a word for telegrams, with a minimum of ninepence. Some indirect taxation will have to be devised, for we ought to remember that our ancestors, a hundred years ago, laid 47 per cent. of their war expenses on taxpayers. In this equitable spirit we

should act towards posterity, to lighten the borrowing of unlimited sums at a high rate of interest.

A very delicate question is the temporary saving of money on school expenditure. Lord Haldane is opposed to this economy. He regards it as most unfortunate to take the general estimates of the Board of Education as a field in which retrenchment should be practised. "We have no money to waste on fine buildings, but we must get efficient teaching for the children on whom the country will depend, and we must do something to bring about a condition of affairs in which the merchants and manufacturers of the future will be better trained, better disciplined, and better educated in the higher walks of learning, or they will not be fit to hold their own" in the international competition. If the education in our free schools had produced excellent results, we could understand this opposition to a year's holiday or to a vacation till the end of the war. But the results have not been excellent, and we believe that the older pupils and their teachers would gain nothing but good if they served their country in the harvest fields and in other practical ways.

Since last August it has been evident that the most necessary workmen are those whose hands are skilled. Good technical work in shipyards and the munition factories commands a higher wage than most clerks receive; and a great many farms have suffered greatly from a lack of trained labour. What school education ought to be after the war is a very important question, but it has no bearing on the immediate economies which might be made in school expenses while the war lasts.

LORD HALDANE AND LORD CURZON.

WE are not greatly enamoured of eloquent speech just now. Such appeals as a rule are too prone to platitudes about "The spirit of the British People, Sir", and nothing is so sure of bringing down the house as some such soothing statement as this—that every man, woman and child in our country to-day only awaits from the Government orders as to what he or she should do, and at once it shall be willingly done. It is a bad habit for a nation to cry itself down, but it is a still worse one for a nation, through its leaders, to get into the habit of "cracking" itself up, to use an expression mouthed by a most unpleasant character in "Martin Chuzzlewit" in this connection. But there are speeches we should be sorry to do without, speeches of Ministers and ex-Ministers that startle us to attention and throw real light on dark places. Two very useful speeches of the kind have been made within the last week or so by Lord Curzon and Lord Haldane that are well worth dwelling on. Lord Haldane spoke at the National Liberal Club on Monday, and his explanation of the shortage of munitions—which has thrown back the war so far as British activity and success are concerned and cost us so much blood and treasure—goes to the bedrock of the thing; and it is deeply important that this explanation should be grasped by the whole country now. Lord Haldane in his speech said that in October last the Cabinet learnt that there was "urgent necessity to increase the supply of munitions. The changed conditions had necessitated a very large increase". Therefore the Cabinet, through a Committee of itself appointed to deal with this matter and presided over by Lord Kitchener, consulted General von Donop. As a result the Government summoned the munition manufacturers and placed large orders with them, which they promised to carry out, and which, if carried out, would have given this country "a tremendous advantage, and we should have had a very large surplus". But difficulties arose between Capital and Labour. The munitions, therefore, were not supplied, and hence the position to-day. True, Mr. Lloyd George seems to contest the account in some particulars not named, but substantially Lord Haldane's statement that difficulties with Labour and Capital have delayed munitions must be accepted: there can be no doubt about it.

It is, then, absolutely as indicated in the first two "Notes of the Week" in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week—namely, "It was not Lord Kitchener who failed in his duty by the nation, but the nation which failed in its duty by Lord Kitchener".

The nation failed—through, of course, its Government—in its duty because it did not take a prompt step to end the difficulties between Capital and Labour which were stinting our Army of munitions and hence squandering the lives of our soldiers. Obviously, the step in question was to pass then and there a perfectly fair and general law of military service, calling up the youth and vigour of the nation, all classes between, say, the ages of 19 and 38 years. Under such a law, difficulties between Capital and Labour in the manufacturing of munitions of war *must* at once wilt away and perish. Labour and Capital difficulties and national obligatory service cannot exist together. The case of France shows this. The case of Germany shows it. The case of Austria shows it. The case of Italy shows it. "Profiteering" cannot exist under a fair and general law of military service in the midst of a great war. Squabbles and strikes and shirkings and boozings in the munition factories and workshops simply cannot thrive—indeed, cannot exist at all—under a fair and general law of military service, because the Government has the following irresistible weapon at its instant disposal: it will march off the squabblers, strikers, shirkers and boozers, and march in the men it has called up for service in field or factory.

Hence the key, the master key, which fits all the doors in all the munitions factories—the key which solves the problems of the shells, whether shrapnel or high explosive, of the rifles, howitzers, machine guns and all—is the key of Obligatory Military Service.

Had the nation, through its Government, forged that great key and put it at the disposal of Lord Kitchener early in the war, it would have done its duty. But it failed to do its duty. That is the source of our national weakness and backwardness to-day. That is why the last Government fell to pieces. That is why to-day, in the twelfth month of the war, we are, marvellous to relate, engaged in such measures as the Munitions Bill and the National Registration Bill!

We turn now to Lord Curzon's speech in the House of Lords last week, a speech also frank and outspoken, though in another vein than Lord Haldane's; for where Lord Haldane would explain the past deficiencies of the late Government, Lord Curzon openly washes his hands—and rightly so—of all responsibility in that matter.

It is said that when the eagle strikes, the victims are scarcely conscious of pain, being mercifully numbed by the force of the blow. To judge by the placid way in which the victims behaved when Lord Curzon struck, this is true in politics as well as in nature. For months past the most zealous friends of the late Government have squealed in pain and anger whenever it has been suggested that the management of the war has not been, in this respect or that, ideal. They have resented the least aspersion on the warlike ardour of the executive at home; and have repeatedly declared that when Great Britain went to war in August 1914 she was more completely equipped for war than she had ever been before. Whole series of articles have been printed during the last six or eight months to prove this to the hilt. Suddenly Lord Curzon appears on the scene, and in effect announces that the war has not been going prosperously for the Allied cause, and that it is fair to say that the country is even "in grave peril". Yet not a word is murmured in protest!

Thus the whole argument that the preparations for war were masterly, and that the ten months of achievement after war started left nothing to be desired, disappears like a dream. It comes to this: the three or four journals and reviews which during the last six or eight months have ventured criticism on the conduct of the war have only erred in venturing it too mildly. For contrast their criticism with the criticism in print, on both sides, at the time of Black Week 1899 and the South Africa peril, and the mildness will be evident

indeed. Recall the things written, and spoken on public platforms, in 1899 and in 1900 of Lord Lansdowne alone; set them beside the things written of all Ministers between, say, October 1914 and May 1915—six months of war—and you have the roarings of a lion in the former period as against the cooings of a dove in the latter. Can any person with a spark of humour, after Lord Curzon's speech and the intimation of a grave peril, still hold that we behaved so very truculently? It is likelier the historian will say we erred in being too dove-like and docile.

Recriminations as to these incidents, one is told, are idle and bad now. That is true, and the page had better be turned over and forgotten.

Only it is but fair to admit ere we turn it that throughout these very disagreeable months we were not worthy of *quite* all the angry abuse that was spent on us in various quarters. We were after all not *quite* so atrabilious as we were represented; whilst as for our "pessimism", has not this now, after some six or eight months, received the official Government hall-mark in the House of Lords?

In using the expression "grave peril", Lord Curzon may have put the thing at its maximum, but the speech was most valuable. What is the exact nature of Lord Privy Seal, whether he has any essential duties, few people can tell; but the speech shows that in a Cabinet the man is more important than the office—the strong and daring man, in fact, making his own office. No speech of late years that one can recall in Lords or Commons has had a more stimulating effect in engaging the attention of the public and the Press and concentrating them on a grave position. Ordinarily, such a frank, outright speech, seeming to "give away" some of the colleagues of the Minister who made it, might be voted an indiscretion; and we should probably hear a buzz of gossip and comment as to changes in, or even a break-up of, the composition of the Government. But not so in this case. Lord Curzon's hard truths should fortify, not weaken the Government. It would have been a bad thing altogether if Lord Curzon and the other Conservative leaders had entered into a conspiracy of silence over the Ministerial deficiencies and mistakes of the last eight months; and indeed, after Mr. Lloyd George's bold and stimulating admissions in one or two speeches of late, it would have been futile, from mistaken motives of chivalry towards new colleagues, for Lord Curzon to try to hush up the broad truths. We can now all put out of our minds this past phase—only remembering, perhaps, that if the last Government made bad mistakes, they had an immense task to grapple with—and concentrate with steadiness and one accord on the work ahead.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 49) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

WITH the reconquest of Galicia by the Austro-German armies a new phase in the struggle is presented to our Ally as the conquerors debouch upon Russian soil. This is no Pyrrhic triumph to the arms of the Dual Alliance. The balance of loss in men, material and arms must be fairly even, but the moral gain unquestionably rests with victors who, despite the loss of numbers of men, have established a firm foothold upon the soil of an enemy. Three causes stand out in prominence to account for the retrograde movement imposed upon the forces of our Ally. Superior strategy, superiority in arms and numbers, and superior administration by the German Great General Staff confronted the Russian armies in Galicia when placed in an unfavourable strategic position at the end of April, and again while carrying out a stubborn and leisurely retirement. It is not necessary to deal with the blow which in April last forced upon the Grand Duke a change of front from one that looked south along the passes of the Carpathians to one that necessitated the retirement of his right, thus imposing a new front

in a line that ran south-west along the right bank of the Lower San and on the left bank of the Upper Dniester. It was in the subsequent withdrawal from this fresh line of defence that superior administration enabled the German commander to strike out a line of strategy which may have very far-reaching results. The handling of a railway system to perfection has been a leading feature of success to German arms, and the reader who cares to follow with concern the movements of all the thunder-blows delivered against our Ally in the East will not fail to find renewed interest if he studies for one moment the part that railways have played in the recent following up of our Ally through East Galicia and the subsequent very important development that they seem destined to assist.

Von Mackensen's powerful phalanx, which started from Cracow early in May, driving all before him through Tarnow and over the formidable rivers Dunajec, Wistoka, and the Wislok, could never have moved, furnished as it was with the most powerful artillery, without a highly trained corps of railway and other pioneers. Victories which are achieved mainly by the medium of fire effect from monster cannon can only be followed by a pursuit which is leisurely, for the pace is regulated by the condition of the permanent way, either by rail or road, upon which these weapons travel. It is when the overpowering Austro-German forces reached the banks of the River San that the pursuit entered upon a most interesting phase. The town of Jaroslav, on the left bank of the River San, became then the real key to future operations. This town, which figured early in the war in the movements of our Ally when on his successful offensive against the Austro-Hungarian Armies in Galicia, stands at an important railway junction from which routes bifurcate to the several rail-heads in North Galicia, all under the Austrian system. One arm runs east through Rawa Ruska to the River Bug at Sokal, with branches running from Rawa Ruska north to Bitzec and south to Zolkiew and Lemberg. Another arm from Jaroslav runs along the west bank of the River San to its junction with the Vistula. It was by the exercise and use of this railway system by the enemy for a strategic purpose that our Ally was out-maneuvred in his defence of Lemberg, and he will be fortunate if he escapes further difficulties. The lure of Przemyśl has apparently been too strong for the armies of the Grand Duke, for while anticipating that the enemy would follow him in force from that direction in his retreat to the East through Lemberg, the main forces of the enemy have taken the more northerly route via Rawa Ruska to the banks of the River Bug. The capture of Rawa Ruska, a rail junction of importance, has, as we know, proved the doom of Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, which apparently relied upon its security from attack on the west from the strong defence which natural features and the marsh tract at Grodek afforded. Thus, by a bloodless victory, the important rail junction at Lemberg has fallen into German hands, and facilities are given to the enemy for a thrust into Russia in three directions.

The leisurely retreat of our Ally is in no wise the movement of a beaten army. Every step of ground has been sold at a bloody price, for no defeat in battle has preceded the retirement. A daily resistance such as to measure accurately the balance of success to the point desirable for withdrawal costs the attacker as much as the defender. We know too well the necessity that imposed the retrograde movement of the Russian Armies, but that no enjoyment of a pursuit after victory has been permitted to the enemy is a proof of the excellent use that our Ally has made of the restricted means at his disposal.

While a retreating army should gather strength in contrast to the weakening of the enemy following in its wake, yet we can only predict some critical weeks ahead in the fortunes of our Ally. He will do well to keep out of reach of a persistent foe until his limbers and pouches are refilled, his cadres completed, and gaps in his new line of resistance made good and fresh

troops brought into this line. The selection of the direction of this line causes moments of anxiety. As above stated, the possession by the Austro-German forces of the railway system in Northern and Central Galicia affords them opportunity for offensive in three directions. The most obvious course for the enemy to follow would be to hold the armies of the Grand Duke in two directions and thrust with all force in one alone. It is almost safe to predict that, as the Russian commander is denied the advantage of the offensive for the same reason as are our own arms in the Western theatre, the enemy will use his opportunity for a concentrated movement northward, operating between the rivers Bug and Vistula. The left or western flank of the army detailed for such purpose will gather strength in its advance, as German armies now operating in South Poland can join hands in co-operation from the west bank of the Vistula. Already we hear of a battle at Opatow in South Poland, and the occupation of the post at Zawichost, some miles below the junction of the River San with the Vistula, and a fight for the possession of the narrows of the Vistula at Jozefow. It would thus seem that the German strategy, with the huge numbers at its disposal, contemplates the form of an envelopment of Warsaw in the shape of a nutcracker movement. We shall await with interest the forward movement of the hostile armies forming the southern lever of the instrument as they quit the region of the Austrian railway system and debouch upon the railless country that intervenes between it and the Russian railway system that runs east to west from Kiev through Kovel, Cholm, Lublin, to the strong fortress of Ivangorod on the right bank of the Vistula. It is upon the retention of this strategic line by our Ally, and the fight that he is able to put up along it, that the fate of Warsaw will depend. It requires but little military ken to recognise that, as the Austro-German armies progress on their movement to the north on the east bank of the Vistula, Russian troops on the west bank, already threatened by German troops in Poland, will be in a position of insecurity and will have desperate fighting to maintain communications with their bases. We can recall the stubborn battles in December and again in February which raged along the west banks of the Vistula, but with our Ally then fighting with his face to the west and secure in his line to his bases. We shall learn to what stress German administration is driven to maintain its supply system over a waste and marshy country away from the help of the iron horse. It may have digested a lesson after a thrice-repeated failure, but the dry summer weather on this present occasion will be its great ally. Despite the Russian recovery that has been periodically witnessed during the past six months at parts of the lengthy serpentine that has delineated the positions of the opposing forces, yet the northern end of the German face has been by them most stubbornly maintained and Russian soil held in a firm grip. We may look for increased offensive effort by the enemy on the line of the Narew and at Osowiec to synchronise with the movement from the south that is designed to squeeze Warsaw into surrender. The foe can even afford to thin out his line that has made such gallant efforts from the direction of Plock and Lowitz, facing Warsaw on its west, and reinforce his northern lever for the purpose. The hinge of the nutcracker will suffer but a small strain if the levers are of stout metal.

Ventures in war lose the element of risk when the adversary is driven by force of circumstances to fight with one arm behind his back. With huge armies and their tons of heavy metal necessary to deal their blows legs are, however, as necessary as arms. The battering ram that failed in Poland in its effort last February to hack through to Warsaw near the Bzura and the Rawka started from a base at Lowitz, but fifty miles from its objective. The battle-ground now imposed on our Ally on the east bank of the Vistula handicaps the enemy with bad communications and a marshy terrain for operations. Those hostile operations working to the north from Galicia must of necessity assume the form of an echelon of columns, the west column being the

most advanced in view of an offensive by our Ally from the direction of the river Bug on the east. The German armies thus moving north in echelon formation will be secure from the risk of the severing of their communications.

The movement now being carried on by the enemy is one similar to that projected by the Austro-Hungarian army in the opening days of the campaign last August. It failed signally, as we know, and, provided that Russian resources have been equal to throwing a fresh army into the arena in the province of Lublin, there should be little cause for anxiety. The men should be forthcoming in their millions for the purpose, and the facilities for bringing them into position are excellent. Failing the employment of fresh resources and of prepared positions to defend the great line of railway that runs from Kovel through Cholm, Lublin, and the fortress of Ivangorod to Warsaw, the safety of that store-house for Russia's Armies in the East is verily imperilled.

Retirements or retrograde movements of armies are seldom practices that are subjects of training at peace manoeuvres, and yet they are the most difficult in war. They may afford studies in principles that should be a guide to success in war, but the factor of physical loss is seldom allowed to enter into peace calculation, and the loss of moral is one that ordeal by battle can alone determine. Leaders and troops upon whom is imposed the necessity of retreat in war endure much in body and suffer bitterly in mind. The strain is in proportion to the demand made, either owing to a lost battle in which the army itself has partaken or in obedience to instructions which dictate a rearward movement in accordance with conditions imposed miles away elsewhere in a long battle line. In a battle that is lost the moral power of an army is affected infinitely more than the physical. A second battle followed by a second defeat is the prelude to destruction. It is the business of the leader of an army which has suffered a reverse to obtain for that army such fresh favourable conditions, either by means of reinforcements or by the occupation of strong positions, as should restore an equilibrium both moral and physical before again accepting battle. The general maxim of a leader conducting a retreat is to avoid being dictated to by his enemy. It is for this reason that the first movement in retrograde should be as short as possible, and that the next desideratum should be an aim at concentration of his troops in order to recover the order, courage, and confidence which unfavourable conflict is bound to disturb, and afford a leader the opportunity of inspiring his men with renewed ardour. The aim of opposing armies is to shatter the field armies of the enemy. Divergent lines of retreat after reverse, or even parallel lines of direction given for that purpose, may afford an army the very opening for which it is seeking. As the ranks thin out from casualties so the direction of the line of retreat and the next selected position of resistance must be one that offers a chance of effecting cohesion for the purpose.

The official historian of this war in the narrative of the share which our arms have taken in the Western theatre will in his initial pages have to deal with a sad lesson. The retreat from Mons has a bearing on the several contentions above enumerated at every step in its retrograde. We learnt how in the first retirement, a movement imposed by military necessity elsewhere, the first move was of such a lengthy distance as to inflict a physical strain upon the men which disabled them for weeks; how the direction given for retirement to the two several army corps led to a widening of a gap between them into which the enemy successfully penetrated; how by the cool determination and bold initiative of one of the army corps commanders, who recognised that it was cheaper in life to fight than to overstrain his men in retreat, the British force was saved from what looked perilously like disaster.

Principles in war are codes for armies both great and small. Our Ally in the East, with his huge armies, has been compelled by no fault of his own to

assume an indirect form of defence by a retirement into the interior of the country. A faulty, short-sighted War Administration will impose fetters upon a commander, however great may be his military ability. He enters the contest on unequal terms, and as hostilities are prolonged his handicap increases unless surpassing effort in administration can restore the equilibrium.

The retreat of the Russian armies in Galicia has not been the retreat of armies disorganised by defeat in battle. If disorganisation there has been it has been brought about rather by victory than by defeat, for the co-ordination of a regular calculated retrograde can be easily thrown out of gear by the impetuous initiative of a subordinate leader who scores a local success. The victories recorded on the Dniester may be just such as would dislocate the time-table of the Great General Staff of the Grand Duke.

The direction of the retirement of the several Russian armies is rightly withheld from publication. In the form of defence that our Ally has been compelled to assume history records how an enemy was destroyed not by the sword but by exhaustion from his own efforts. We may look for a great battle when the weakened forces of the enemy are approaching a condition that affords more equal chances for Russian arms.

The position in the East has a significance which should not be lost upon the Allied arms in the West.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

A PRO-CONSUL'S RECREATIONS.*

IN his modest Preface Lord Curzon tells us that "translation of the poetry of one country into the language and metre of another is an amiable hobby to which many persons—and, it would seem, 'public persons' in particular—are prone".

We hope it will be long before our great administrators and orators cease to be scholars and linguists. We despise the crass and ignorant assertion that our statesmen should deal in nothing but "business" and "facts". At the Congress of Berlin in 1878 Disraeli had to be persuaded out of making a fool of himself by speaking in French, and our national deficiencies regarding modern languages are notorious. In the ancient classics our schools and universities are equal to any, and these same studies are more than "an amiable hobby": they are the key to the English language. A happy intuition and that sense of style which is inborn can do much; but only he knows English thoroughly who has studied Greek and Latin. We are glad to see on the title-page Cicero's immortal tribute to letters, for to-day we may well think of the virtues of ancient Rome. Rome did not dodge and palter either in word or in deed. She had no need of that perpetual comparison of the two which was a commonplace with the subtle Athenian.

Latin restrains that mere piling up of words which obscures the issue and is neither forcible nor convincing. From Latin, too, came that sense of logic and lucidity which marks the French language. We want more of this clear thinking and clear writing in this country.

Anyone can paraphrase; but translation is a different matter, and it is translation which Lord Curzon has given us. He published in the "Observer" his renderings of the "beautiful and touching poems" of M. Emile Cammaerts, and there has been a wide request for their reappearance in a more permanent form. It is fully justified. Lord Curzon has had a remarkable success in preserving the actual idioms and words he is rendering (he lays stress on this point in his Preface); but he has succeeded in doing so without any violence to English. Every competent translator, when he has made his version, puts it aside for a while, and, coming to it fresh, asks himself if it sounds natural and is good in itself without the original. That is the test by which many fine scholars

fail. Lord Curzon can meet it with confidence. He has very few inversions or other obvious tricks of the translator. Here are the two first verses of the "Noel Belge, Flight into England" (p. 23):

Forward through the dark blue night,
Forward the wanderers pressed,
Joseph trudged at the ass' head
In front, and took no rest,
And the Mother clasped the infant child
Against her empty breast.

Forward through the dark blue night
They trotted, six leagues hence,
Six leagues of flight from city walls
And soldiers in their tents,
From bloody men and the woeful cries
Of the Holy Innocents."

The "New Year's Prayer to the German Army" begins thus (p. 31):

"I pray that every passing hour
Your heart may bruise and beat,
I pray that every step you take
May scorch and sear your feet!

I pray that Beauty never more
May charm your eyes, your ears,
That you may march, through day and night,
Beneath a heaven of tears,
Blind to the humblest flowers that in
The hedge-row corners bloom,
Deaf to whatever sound or cry
May wake in you the memory
Of dear ones left at home."

A note adds that German tactics have represented the poem as no translation, but a specimen of Lord Curzon's original ferocity. The very fact is a tribute to him: the poem reads like an original work.

Among these "War Poems" are some epigrams old and new. Even Lord Curzon cannot reproduce the stark brevity of the comment, "Affixus olim fur cruci: nunc crux furi", to two lines. The famous "Epitaph on the Spartans at Thermopylae", too, is a desperate venture in English hexameters. Lord Curzon, perhaps, comes as near as anybody. A rhymed couplet is, we think, the better course, as the next piece, a vigorous transcript of another Greek epitaph, shows.

Short metres and terse couplets are enough to make a translator despair, or boast of an unusual triumph. Verhaeren's "Vision of Antonio" reveals how such difficulties can be surmounted (p. 80):

"From their frames of black and gold
Gaze the figures mute and cold
Whom Antonio man of old

Limned—the silence of their stare
Doth torment me everywhere;
Masks of clay their faces are.

Hard the features, and there lies
Evil in those austere eyes,
With their unprobed mysteries.

Baron, doctor, captain shows
Cruelty in high repose,
Pride that no concession knows.

Fingers long and lean have they,
Fingers apt with toys to play
Or an empire to betray.

'Neath their narrow foreheads lie
Wills that slightest curb defy,
Every vice of tyranny;

And the finger-stain of gore
Scarce hath time to dry, before
They must redden it once more."

* "War Poems and Other Translations." By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.

The later epigrams in the "Other Translations" reach a high standard. They look easy when done, but they take a deal of doing. Occasionally a briefer form of English seems possible, as in the piece from Lebrun on p. 114, which the present reviewer some years since attempted in four languages.

Two interesting experiments are the versifying of two prose masterpieces, Plato's "Myth of Er", and Addison's "Vision of Mirza". In the latter the "lofty hills" of Bagdad belong to the original, though the note might imply that they do not. We rather wonder that Lord Curzon has not preserved Addison's description of the shepherd's piping as "melodious", for the word is lovely and endeared to us by high poets.

Translations into or from Latin have to bridge a wide gap in sentiment and feeling. The best of them may give occasion for smiling. Are they not the ghosts of Virgil and Horace? Can we recapture the sad earnestness of the one, the vivid exactness of the other? Lord Curzon's verses in this way show happy touches of idiom and that fluent style which belongs to Etonian scholarship. Here, as doubtless he knows, he is entering a field already distinguished by feats of scholarship, and in some small points he is not equal to the masters, but we always read him with pleasure. We quote the two lines of Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways":—

"Nota fuit nullis; vix cognita desiit esse;

Sed jacet; ah! qui sum qui modo qualis eram!"

The book is a graceful tribute to the Belgian Relief Fund—graceful alike in purpose and expression.

MEŠTROVIĆ.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IT is always rather risky to assess and criticise what one does not understand. The temptation to try to make the incomprehended square with one's own existing standard, to interpret it according to one's habitual thought is often irresistible. Lacking census statistics, I cannot calculate how many people now in London can profoundly understand Meštrović's art: certainly the number of sympathetic educated Serbs in England must be very small. The rest of his public, if I may use the expression, is bound to view his work more or less through its hat. At the best his sympathisers will humbly hope for grace to understand something of his full meaning; at the worst those who cannot sympathise will piously condemn him, counting his deviations from their canons as unrighteousness. Such pent-up hate and faith in ultimate regeneration, such indestructible rebelliousness, as are, by all accounts, the birthright of Serbians, are not very English. The iron of five hundred years of woe and humiliation is not in our souls. It is not possible for us to experience the emotions that those centuries have built into the Serbian mind. Nor can we, with all our past security and opulence, feel life with the tremendous and unashamed simplicity that to certain civilised minds is morally offensive. Nor, again, can we, the children of more comfortable and tidier conditions, conceive form on a Titanic scale. The very bulk and weight of the limbs hewn by Meštrović are beyond our compass; their mightiness is of an age to which Cyclopean girth and godlike beauty were real. Our so-called monumental sculpture on Whitehall offices, royal memorials and insurance buildings, is derived from minds vitiated by academic types and used to the models of modern city conditions. No matter how large our sculptures are, they seldom amount to more than enlarged photographs of shop-girl anatomy with conventional heads fixed on.

These things being so, it was inevitable that Meštrović's exhibition should excite the academics to horror. On the other hand, we have reason for a little decent pride in that his work has inspired some sympathetic and enlightened prose, notably in the "Westminster Gazette" and the Catalogue introduction. I cannot quite see our critics of say twenty years ago rising so adequately to a noble occasion. But for

the letter which started the alluring idea that somewhere in the exhibition there was something rather perilous to morality, well, it should not, perhaps, be entirely disregarded. For it reveals an interesting condition of criticism, and is a conclusive proof of the unwisdom of supposing that the incomprehended can be explained by reference to one's own pedestrian ideas.

The work which struck the writer of this letter as morally offensive is supposed to be the "Mother and Daughter", one of the "Mourning Widows" groups that symbolise the long-suffering of a depopulated land. Two of these marbles are mothers with their fatherless children, the third (perhaps the grandest work in this splendid collection) is a young widow superb with potential fecundity, fiercely brooding in her desolation. The fourth, which I should not have expected to arouse moral comment at all, is a woman lying back supported by her mother, too a widow. The amazing criticism of which these figures have been made the subject omits all considerations of the grave conception of this group, of the tragedy that oppresses it, of the calm majesty of the mother who cherishes her stricken daughter. We need simply ask what sort of bright idea was it to conclude that Meštrović had chosen his great patriotic monument as the uniquely fit place for celebrating an obscenity.

On the other hand, I think it is undeniable that in his anxiety to express a "literary" symbolical idea Meštrović has become ingenious and far-fetched; in short has been false to life in his insistence. Many may feel a certain embarrassment before this group, because, though they may not realise it, of this untrue note; many, again, to whom the word sex is almost indecent and the properties of sex are a scandal, always feel uncomfortable and shy about the nude. For them Meštrović, who seems incapable of feeling awkward about such things, is sure to be rather a trial. We should make every allowance for this, for we, thank God, are English and respectable, while he is merely a wild Serb. But that artistically responsible authorities should give themselves, and incidentally English criticism, away by being morally offended at their own construction of his work seems excessive.

It has been suggested that those responsible for or interested in the education of South Kensington art students are alarmed lest Meštrović should corrupt their young stylists. The shocking prospect, however, of the academic anæmia and correct neatness of National Competition modelling being changed to the passionate spirit and barbaric grandeur of Meštrović, is remote enough. But what may easily happen is that some adventurous young men and women will try to catch his style. At the best, seeing that he is a technician of high rank, they will escape from the mortal academicism which is annually reimposed by academic judges of the Competition; at the worst there will be a plague of parodies no better and no worse than the follies of post-impressionism.

But this much, at least, the professorial class will admit it owes to Meštrović. The authentic spirit, the flaming meaning within his work, explodes as nothing else has exploded the performances of our synthetists, our tame little group of revolutionaries. For here we see how high genius will rise by simply going to Nature and finding the way to express by mastery of form something of the spiritual meaning that it apprehends. Meštrović's finest successes are what might be called his most realistic endeavours, for in them we are conscious of no straining to express an intellectual idea. In them, indeed, we are conscious of no secondary considerations; they are the cry of a prophet revealing truths and mysteries, to whom, compared with their truth and urgency, nothing else on earth matters. And it is his intimacy with and conviction in his message that lays a spell on us. We care nothing about technique or skill or story. Tremendous truths, deep and enduring passions, godlike overwhelming strength, these suddenly confront us in South Kensington. Not only does this man mean something intensely (which is rare enough), but his meaning is greater than

we can divine. Next such an one our school of neo-primitives are exposed as men of paper, devoid of meaning and emotion, mere theory-bags.

A more profitable comparison is that of Meštrović and Alfred Stevens, whose Mantlepiece and Wellington Monument groups divide the galleries in which are placed the Serbian's exhibits. No sterner test could be imposed on Stevens, for his rich reposeful genius is thus pitted against a strange harsh genius which is more attuned to our present mood. And yet the Mantlepiece holds its own, its gravely beautiful and gracious caryatids are technically more perfect in their way than are Meštrović's in theirs, and reflect a ripier mind and balance.

Meštrović is thirty-two years old; Michelangelo was about the same age when he began his greatest works. What the Serbian's development will be we can only guess. On the other hand we should have no difficulty in recognising that he is already a master of great achievement. I notice here and there a tendency to pick cautiously at his work, weighing this influence and that, this mannerism and the next. People are suspiciously asking one another whether he is really as fine as he seems, or isn't it possible that there is some trickery or illusion somewhere. Here again we must make allowance. So much dust has been thrown in our eyes of late that we have begun to doubt our own impressions. But if we will for the moment cease to worry about the Egyptian and Assyrian and Grecian and Viennese influences that are said to be traceable in Meštrović's art, and passively submit to its impression of abundant meaning and vitality, we cannot go far wrong. His meaning and the spirit that animates his heroic figures and his portraits may not be congenial to nor comprehended by us; but what we might prefer would certainly be useless to Meštrović and Serbia. That he has created in superbly sculpturesque terms a world of strangely powerful emotion and intense life, that his thought and craft are rare enough to conceive and utter life with this intensity and on this tremendous scale is surely enough for us to "carry on" with. For after all it is not every day that for any adequate comparison of standard and achievement wherewith to judge twentieth-century art we have to go back to the Tombs in San Lorenzo.

THE END OF THE BOREEN.

By JANE BARLOW.

A BOREEN, a little road, generally possesses many charms of its own, but as a rule it lacks one which belongs to a road of fuller size. This is the sense of romantic remoteness, which, like a large river, such a road has the power of awakening in a wayfarer who lets his imagination travel backwards and forwards to its beginning and its end, making him, even as one that hears the voice of ocean, "think of what has been and what shall be". For in the case of the boreen, whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, are wont to be points so close together that they leave scanty scope for speculations of the kind: there is no room in its brief course for fancy sketches of unknown towns and villages, and leagues of unseen landscapes.

The particular boreen which I have in mind is in this respect rather exceptionally straitened, its length being hardly half a mile—and that a mere English one. It exists apparently for the purpose of drawing a line at right angles, like a diagram in Euclid, between two parallel roads, which must never hope to meet. They are themselves far from being main roads—are, in fact, no more than tributaries of tributaries, without so much as a marginal footpath to give them form and dignity. One of them runs at a considerably higher level than the other, and hence the connecting boreen, which climbs for the most part forthright, with but slight deflections, is very steep. Extremely stony it is, too, its surface consisting of embedded boulders, obtuse-angled, smooth and slippery, sprinkled with loose, sharp-cornered fragments, no longer *in situ*, among which the unfamiliar foot ankle-wrenchingly stumbles. Thoughts of punctured tyres, and failing brakes,

encourage a hope that no motor-car shall go up thereon; a hope which yet cannot quite exclude the apprehension that round some turn may come a whiff of petrol, followed by the appearance of a brazen front, or a pair of pallid, protrusive wheels.

Such an apparition might, in the circumstances, prove to be a substantial, not a sentimental, grievance, because at its lower end the boreen is so narrow that, although its hedges are of no great height, their shadows much more than stretch across it, even when they have been shrunk by the approach of noon. These hedges are composed of many elements, which could not well be kindlier mixed if their object were the production of pleasing colours and odours to grace a summer day. Furze-bushes form the framework; they are of the tall, winter-flowering species, and in mid-July their spikeries still bear the past season's blossom, with its gold all faded to fawn colour and drab. The two outermost petals, dried and shrivelled, now enfold husk-like the dwarfish, grey, downy pod, which will presently push them asunder. That, at least, is how they look, though botanically correct the description may by no means be. Interwoven with them are trailing brambles, which show not yet the crudest promise of a berry among their faintly-tinged masses of pinkish lilac paling into white; and briars lifting up a myriad wild roses, some of them pure snow-flakes, others ranging through every degree of delicate flush, from mother-o'-pearl to clear carmine. The burning gold of each filagree circlet almost glows through the diaphanous-textured cup. Their fragrance and their complexion appear to be all of a piece—a piece of finest grain. And at a touch it all becomes so evanescent that Herrick's daffodils might be deemed by comparison a marvel of durability. If you gather a spray for company at the bottom of the boreen, you will be feeling the guiltiness of Goths and Vandals before you gain the top with that drooping spoil. However, there is also woodbine in abundance, of robuster habit, to be plucked with less remorse, because more lingeringly a-dying. There are two kinds of it: one yellow simply in diverse shades, as of heavenly cream and butter and honey—the longer its trumpets are blown, the richer waxes its hue, until at last, ere falling mute, it wears a true crocus-saffron; and one that, with rosy streaks on its coiling throats, tends toward apricot colour, and has crimson bugle buds. As we may reasonably suppose that its scent is meant to be wafted about by wandering airs, not inhaled at its very source save by industrious bees, we need not wonder if we find it rather over-powering, when we pull down ample bunches, and keep them pent within four walls. Even heavier is the perfume shed by the elder-trees, where ghostly pale faces seem to peer and glimmer out from among the pointed hanging leaves, and by the impenetrable privet-bushes, with their many milk-white clusters, anon to be of a beaded, inky blackness. But the meadowsweet breathes only of aromatic new-mown hay, as it foams like the froth on a brown bog-stream along the hedge's base, here half extinguishing a poppy's flame, and there just catching the gleam of a scarlet fuchsia's downward sparks. Higher reach the great curving bracken-fronds, yet they do not overtop the stately stalks crowned with those ruddy-purple, embroidered sacs, called in English foxgloves, through an unimaginative error, such as we should never come on among the Gaels, one of whose numerous names for the plant is the fairy-woman's thimble. Besides all these things of larger growth, with many others, such as the quicken-tree, which will make themselves more conspicuous when the time of berries has come, lesser groundlings are ranged beneath in a variety whose brilliance would glorify any herbaceous border, and whence one may, perhaps invidiously, select for mention the speedwell's "darling blue", the potentilla's "patines of bright gold", and the eyebright's "elfin rime-frost".

But about half-way up the boreen—perhaps luckily, if its end is ever to be reached—it widens somewhat, and its hedges abruptly become unmingled furze-bushes. They are still impervious screens, not to be spied

through except at a few small, window-like openings which occur here and there. On the left hand these afford glimpses, framed in sombre boughs, of sea-green, satin-smooth oats, or sober-green, blossom-flecked potatoes. On the right, the scenery of the little vignettes is more sensational, for from behind the bushes long grassy slopes fall sharply away, leading the eye down and down unexpectedly far.

Nevertheless, they are no adequate preparation for the first of the two surprises which will be sprung upon the stranger when he has mounted to the end of the boreen. This is the suddenly finding himself face to face with a superbly curved peak confronting him across a valley shaped like an ancient Greek theatre. It is a cultivated valley, paved with mosaic-work of fields, wrought chiefly, for the July-time being, in various shades of verdure; but on the sun-smitten mountain slopes some grain has already ripened into plates of golden armour. From among them sweeps up and soars the stately cone, with outlines as finely symmetrical as any leaf's, and clad in a purple which never a sickle shall reap away. Stepped without warning into this view, the new-comer, by a natural impulse, looks high to the summit above his head, and low to the floor of the valley at his feet; then along the road, which westward climbs over the crest of a steep hill to reach the wide bogland of that countryside; and to the east descends coastward, ending apparently in a pendant of lapis-lazuli sea. Thus he is likely to be escaped just at the outset by the lurking second of the two surprises. That, at least, was my experience. For some moments passed before I noticed the existence of a very little whitewashed cabin niched in a nook on the right of the boreen's egress. In reality of the smallest size, its situation exactly over against the mountain's towering pile made its aspect all the more humble and insignificant. But one incongruous feature immediately caught the attention: an ample brass plate, brightly shining in the sun upon the door. It looked quite worthy to have borne the name of some multimillionaire, yet on a nearer view its inscription was found to run simply, *Trespassers will be Prosecuted*. Having read, I perceived, indeed, that both the diminutive windows were blinded with sheets of zinc, and that nettles had sprung loftily from the pebble-bordered flower-beds beneath them. The walls were weather-stained, and the roof was gapped. In short, nothing seemed in good case except the burnished door-plate. Never was a piece of inhospitality more highly polished, and, in the dwelling's tenanted days, nowhere would one have been less likely to occur. Its presence gave an alien aspect to the end of the boreen.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT BLUNDERS.

IT has been said that it needs a man of some intelligence to make a blunder. There is keen truth in this, and it is cheerful truth. So many mistakes are made; and it is agreeable to think that they may really be signs of intelligence. If we think a moment we easily see that the man who makes a blunder is, by the mere fact of his blundering, shown to have more wit than the man who has not wit enough to make a blunder. We have not met the pure fool till we have a man who has never in all his life been either right or wrong. Such a man is not only possible but common. He is the type of a not small class of men, and of a class of men who are decidedly prudent and commonly successful. Extremes are dangerous, and to be either right or wrong is to be an extreme. To be either right or wrong calls for a certain putting forth of energy, and the putting forth of energy requires character and will. Then again, the man who is either right or wrong commits himself to something on one side or the other; he has the intelligence to form an opinion and the courage to stick to it. To be wrong, no less than to be right, calls for a certain amount of vigour and a certain amount of daring. In either case a risk is run; in either case cold prudence is sacrificed to the higher and more chivalrous parts of our nature. It is better, of course, to be

right than to be wrong (though even here there are people who would rather err with genius than be put right by a bore); but if to be right is the best thing of all, to be wrong has strong claims to be called the second best.

The more we look into it the more we see that it certainly requires some wit to produce a blunder. A blunderer is one who goes wrong; but to go wrong implies that he is going. He is thereby at once distinguished from the man who does not go at all, but who stands stock still. A blunder is not simple ignorance; it implies knowledge; it implies, no doubt, partial and misapplied knowledge; but still it does imply knowledge. It implies a certain amount of thought, of reflection and comparison, only of reflection and comparison which have had the bad luck to be turned the wrong way. There is often great ingenuity displayed in a blunder. A blunder is often the result of a certain quickness of perception; a quickness of perception no doubt which needs to be reined in, a quickness of perception which sees part of a thing so fast that it fails to see the whole thing and its relations to other things, but still quickness of perception as opposed to slowness and dullness. A real blunder, a genuine good blunder, such as dwells in the mind and on which the mind falls back as a source of lasting enjoyment, always implies a certain measure of ingenuity, like the amazing blunders of Molière's *L'Etourdi*. The pleasure afforded by the blunder is largely produced by tracing out the connection of ideas in the mind of the blunderer; and this connection is often very subtle and ingenious. The blunderer knows several things, and connects them together; but either he fails to know some other thing which is needful for perfect knowledge, or else he connects the things which he does know in some way which is doubtless very plausible, but which unluckily is not right.

It follows that it is not always wise to be readily contemptuous of blunders. He is usually a small, pedantic man who delights to trip one in an error, who thinks that the mere fact of being wrong proves an inferior intelligence. There are wretched pedants who think they have the advantage of Shakespeare because he introduces Elizabethan weapons into a Roman tragedy or puts Bohemia on the sea-shore; people who think they have done for ever with Rousseau because they have detected him in errors of fact and of history, or think Milton should not have mixed up Copernicus and Ptolemy. These foolish people are not even good schoolmasters, for all teachers know that a blunder, if simply turned into a question, and put as a question from a learner to a teacher, instead of calling for blame calls decidedly for praise. The learner is thinking, honestly thinking, of his work, and some inference, some analogy, suggests itself to him as plausible; but he does not feel certain whether it is right. He asks his teacher, and he is told that it is wrong. There is nothing here but what is creditable to the learner. But that same inference or analogy, if put forth boldly as a theory or quietly assumed as indisputable at once becomes a blunder. The boy who construed *Vere fabis satio* by "truly I am full of beans" was far from being the dullest boy in his form.

We must admit, of course, that blunders, though they show intelligence, show also not enough knowledge. "Truly I am full of beans" is well for a schoolboy; but it would not do for an editor of the *Georgics*. He sets out to know better. He puts himself into a position of authority. Blunders become a nuisance and a folly when they are asserted with arrogance, for then they betray exactly the opposite quality from that of the blunderer who simply inquires. They betray a satisfaction with knowledge which is incomplete—in other words, they show conceit. The wisest and most learned men often make what may be called blunders; that is, they make mistakes and confusions and wrong and hasty inferences. Only they correct them themselves, or get them corrected by others, and do not give them to the world.

It is as when a certain devout poet published his "Thoughts", and malicious critics said that he might not be able to help having foolish thoughts, but he might help publishing them. So it is with blunders. The real grounds of censure lie, not in the thinking, but in the trumpeting. Everybody makes mistakes, but it is not everybody who sounds a trumpet before him for people to come and see what great mistakes he can make. The confusion, the hasty inference which is perfectly pardonable in the learner who is seeking knowledge becomes unpardonable in the teacher who professes to communicate knowledge. The man who blunders much in public, in books, or in lectures has no excuse to plead. It is open to him to hold his peace, and, till he has learned enough to put him beyond the blundering stage, he ought to hold his peace. His real fault lies not so much in the blunder itself as in the state of mind of which the blunder is a sign. It is plain that he does not know himself, that he has utterly failed to take his own measure, that he has set himself up as a teacher, while his proper place is still only that of a learner.

Blunders in action are of another kind. They are inseparable from all sanguine and decisive characters. The greatest and most successful men of action have made more such blunders in a week than the careful and politic diplomatist will make in a lifetime. Hannibal will always make more mistakes than Quintus Maximus, only Hannibal learns from his blunders and can follow them with swift and right action. Whether in thought or deed do not pedantically distrust the man who makes mistakes. Otherwise there will be very little chance of your ever being very right in your judgment of men or books.

THE SPEAR-HEAD.

THE sun pours almost straight down from the glittering, hard, July sky at midday, telling anyone who studies seasons and weather apart from mere holiday reckoning that the divine, creating part of summer is closed—that to know the great making part of summer again one must wait for eleven months. Except for a company or two of recruits drilling and signalling in the large open space beyond the flower-borders and the refreshment kiosk, the few people in the park seek the shelter of the trees as near the breeze and the river as possible, the tramps sleeping fast on the turf like dogs, the nurses and servant maids with their charges dawdling on the seats under the planes. Were it not for one's knowledge that the recruits are sweating at their drill just out of sight, and the sharp, peremptory orders which come in snatches across the intervening half-mile or so, the impression left on one is just indolence and slumber.

The coming on to this scene of a worker breaks the spell. He is a young man of good physique, twenty to thirty years, apparently, dressed in a neat, serviceable brown suit with tails containing the large pockets which good judges of comfort insist on regardless of the fashion of the moment. The newcomer is at once seen to be a public functionary, doing his bit in his own particular line towards the upkeep of the country in time of war; serving us all—if we will only listen to what he and his friends tell us—just as the soldier is serving us in the trenches or the sailor on the waves. Note him more closely as he moves in and out among the flower borders and round the winding shady paths among the plane trees. He has an instrument in his right hand with which, stooping here and there very slightly, he makes easy little prods at the soil. Each prod is nicely aimed, and secures a bit of torn paper—sometimes a portion of a letter or envelope, sometimes a greasy scrap of yellow paper which has held sandwiches or other victuals, and sometimes a piece of newspaper. After each prod he lifts his instrument to push the catch a little up the stick, till presently when the quantity becomes unmanageable he will remove and place the whole of it into some fixed receptacle for park refuse at certain spots. How admirably the tool is fashioned to the toil! Looking closely, one sees it

has a neat, sharp little spear-head fixed at the end, over the barb of which no scrap of paper once pricked up can escape and be blown away. The tool, moreover, is exactly of the right length, so that its wielder can affix thereto the scrap of paper without any exhausting effort or stoop of the body. He dexterously gathers a dozen scraps of paper within the few minutes he is in sight. What would one not have given in days of childhood to handle such a fascinating little spear as that? No billhook, no chopper for splitting the white hazel wands in the hurdler's coppice, not even the wetted scythe of the mower, could have charmed one so much in those limitless days of fairy! . . . So the spearman moves on, gathering a fragment here, a fragment there, till presently he reaches a paper too precious to be pricked. He stoops to pick up a whole copy of his favourite organ, fondly handles the pages that preach No Slavery, No Militarism, No Conscription, carefully folds it up, places it in his breast pocket next his heart, and is lost to sight as he moves down the path, pricking up the scraps of paper, doing his bit for the nation in the Great War.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPRISALS IN WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27, Longton Grove, Sydenham, S.E.,

6 July 1915.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Arthur Dixon's letter in your current issue caught my eye immediately after reading an account of the attempted murder of Mr. J. P. Morgan.

What happened in Washington? An intruder bent upon murder broke past the butler and fired. We should probably by now have read the reports of inquests upon Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan's distinguished guest, Mr. Morgan's plucky wife, and Mr. Morgan's plucky butler had not the butler had the unsportsmanlike presence of mind to bash the brute of an intruder over the head with the business end of a coal-scuttle conveniently to hand.

Mr. Dixon obviously thinks the coal-scuttle kind of argument un-Christlike. But it worked. Has he never read of a whip assault upon some money-changers in a Temple? The assault was Christlike, though the money-changers hadn't expected it. No doubt they said it was unfair; hadn't thought the All Benign One had it in him to make such an exhibition of himself.

I remember being present at a picnic in India once. A cobra appeared. Commotion! Energetic man! Active little terrier! Big stick! Broken-backed cobra! We didn't call it retaliation, nor yet degradation of national character to make mincemeat of a beautiful creature who had never violated a scrap of paper, nor cannonaded a sky-towering cathedral of sublime beauty upon a single occasion in all its well-intentioned little life. Man and dog knew a cobra when they saw it. Mr. Dixon might possibly have preferred to expatiate to the intruder upon the purity of the truths of Christianity; he might even have taken steps to apply for an injunction in the High Court of Justice holden at Fort William, or else for a mandamus to restrain the cobra, etc., etc. This would have soothed Mr. Dixon's sense of his duty to Christianity, incidentally gratified Mr. Bryan of the U.S.A., but spoilt an otherwise agreeable picnic. Children, possibly (the dog certainly), would have been fatally bitten, and a poisonous reptile left to work its will upon inoffensive villagers who kept cows and rejoiced in the acquisition of buksis.

Surely this perversion of the teachings of Christ to which we are being treated should by now be regarded as mischievous, rather than merely pretty, talk. The Divine Teacher sent devils down a steep place into the sea one day. The devils did not like it; it was rough on the poor pigs; but the act was Christlike, and Englishmen who suddenly send evil-doers to an unpleasant (even if less picturesque than that of the swine) ending are not necessarily degrading the national character, nor yet losing sight of the high ideals which, under God, have made England great.

Mr. Dixon writes from Broad Street, Birmingham. At the top of Broad Street is a statue of Joseph Sturge. The teaching of Sturge boiled down spells safety for cobras at picnics. It also brought about a British nation untrained to arms when the thunderclap came last August. I, a Birmingham man, would like to see that statue less prominently flaunted in the public eye.

All honour to the "coal-scuttle" as an argument. Its application obviates the holding of inquests whether on nations or individuals, clears out rogues from temples, and conserves the unities of picnics. A Hun manipulating a pipe of poison gas is better met with a bigger pipe of extra poisonous gas than by a Bryanite harangue in the name of Christ upon the "quality of mercy" to malefactors who mangle other people's persons and property, or by a hundred preposterous Hague Conventions tying the hands of honest men but leaving those of scoundrels free to smite.

Mr. John Bright (also associated with Birmingham), on leaving a Government about to undertake a just war, once remarked, "I cannot turn my back upon myself!" I have a cartoon of him trying to turn his back upon himself. He looks unhappy. That war brought untold blessings in its track. But the Sturges, the Brights, and the Bryans rather than turn their backs upon their misguiding selves fling the blame upon circumstances, proving them in the wrong, and we whom they misled or mislead still make poojah to their statues.

Yours faithfully, WILMOT CORFIELD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Stokesley, S.O., Yorks,

6 July 1915.

SIR,—*"Vieille Moustache"* does not need my poor pen to defend him against Mr. Arthur Dixon's reproof in your issue of the 3rd inst. But could you give me space to offer the latter a solution of his difficulty at which I have arrived, and which enables me to approve of the action of the Government in proposing to use gas as mercifully as possible and for military advantage only?

The use of gas is deemed by the Government to be a necessary means of war, failing the discovery of any other equally effective means with the same objective. The use is suggested and justified by the German use of it, and not undertaken, I take it, as a reprisal and retaliation in spirit. This means has been justified and made possible by the failure of the Germans to seal in this respect the Hague Convention by practice in war. Neither this nor any other war of ours is conducted on *our* sense of honour and humanity, but on the *international* sense expressed in The Hague and other Conventions. If these Conventions were as authoritative and immutable as the moral laws, we could only then talk of losing our "consciousness of rectitude". But, as they are not, one fails to admit the latter loss. These Conventions are just agreements of nations, which (let us hope) are evolving in the spirit of Christianity, but, if one nation effects a retrogression for its own advantage, is another nation at war with it to risk defeat by refusing to adopt what in effect becomes the new international code for the time being? Whatever reluctance it may have in doing so is due not to its "consciousness of rectitude" as to the moral laws, but as to the keeping of an international agreement, which, however, has no authority to enforce it, which is necessarily in a state of flux (and of evolution), and which can only be solidified by the practice in war of each nation. Mr. Dixon would make us hang on to moral laws "our sense of honour and humanity", while allowing an opponent to take only the *international* sense in these matters, which is the only standard for war. If we were prepared to wage war on the principle of turning the other cheek, well and good. But we are not and do not. Why, then, insist upon it in this case, when it is entirely to our disadvantage?

So long as the use of gas in sheer self-defence (and to prevent a quite possible defeat by our not using it) does not detract in any way from the real national "consciousness of rectitude", which it clearly does not, there is a difficulty in seeing that there is any spiritual argument against it.

Yours faithfully, A CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Just before my brother sailed for the Front he said to me, "It is worth while to sacrifice anything for victory except the objects for which we are fighting". Now that he has made the supreme sacrifice, may I be allowed to endorse, as it were in his name, the protest expressed under the above title by your correspondent of last week? That international morality is one of the "objects for which we are fighting" the SATURDAY REVIEW has been among the foremost to proclaim; it ill behoves us, by sacrificing our moral standards for a dubious military advantage, to dim the brightness of the cause for which our brothers have died.

FRATER MORTUI.

LORD HALDANE AND THE LATE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,

6 July 1915.

SIR,—We have been solemnly ordained to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of Herod. It seems now that we must add another name, no less a person than Lord Haldane, who in an extraordinary apologia, delivered at the National Liberal Club, endeavoured to surround himself with a halo of sanctity that would have delighted the pharisaical heart. The man who, more than any other politician, lulled his country into a false sense of security on the question of the German menace, preaching peace and goodwill to Germany in season and out of season, and extolling the extraordinary virtues and eminent good qualities of the Kaiser, now beams upon his suffering fellow-citizens with the most unctuous righteousness, and condescends to reprove them for want of thinking! That he did his level best to hypnotise the nation to a smug complacency at a period when the utmost alertness was demanded, does not trouble Lord Haldane in the least. Evidently his opinion of the thinking capacity of his fellow-countrymen is a low one, or he would hardly have ventured to explain himself in a speech which, read between the lines, contains the most scathing condemnation of the want of thought, both of his colleagues and himself, that the most hostile critic could possibly utter.

The nation can act only by and through the Government. How can the blame be shifted on to the shoulders of the nation, when the authorities in power deliberately and wilfully refuse to open their eyes to the necessities of a given situation?

Lord Haldane states that the Government knew in October that ordinary War Office organisation was not sufficient for the extraordinary demands of the critical position in which we were placed. And yet no adequate measures were taken to cope with the emergency, beyond giving orders to firms who were unable to carry out their contracts. It was the imperative duty of the Government to ascertain whether there was not merely a reasonable prospect but a certainty of their being carried out at the earliest possible moment. According to Lord Haldane, what the Government did was to give a few extra orders in the usual way, and then go to sleep without troubling themselves any more till the country prodded them to wakefulness. Lord Haldane has certainly done one good service to the State: he has completely and thoroughly cleared up the mystery of the Prime Minister's speech, which contained the assurance on the very highest authority that we had abundance of munitions. After giving the orders the Prime Minister, with the rest of his colleagues, went comfortably to sleep, and woke up with the full belief that the orders had been carried out. The most elementary thinking will reveal the reason why it is not to the public interest further to pursue the question.

It is the most fatal mistake to suppose that at this moment we should not criticise, on the ground that the past is past, and that what matters is the future. That is a shallow, a very shallow argument, for, unless we see clearly the mistakes committed in the past, we shall inevitably fall into the same blunders again. The country is only just waking up to the immense task before it, and is bound to make hideous mistakes unless its thinking

capacity is of a high order. Things will not be mismanaged for long without the penalty exacted by natural law. I have just come across an article from a German paper dealing with compulsory service, as distinguished from voluntarism. The article emphasises the value of perfect organisation, as opposed to haphazard methods. It expresses contempt for the English method, for the simple reason that energy is frittered away in appeals, cajolery, and moral compulsion; whereas complete organisation of national resources gives an enormous advantage. The article pointed out that the Fatherland was prepared for the new developments that occurred in military science, whereas the English had been repeatedly nonplussed. Lord Curzon said practically the same thing in the House of Lords.

Now, what is this but a confession of rank stupidity and want of thought? Why should it go on? Simply because the Pharisees cannot or will not think deeply enough to see things as they are, and not as they have been ordered by those who happen to be in power.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

COTTON AS CONTRABAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

76-78, York Street, Westminster,
London, S.W., 2 July 1915.

SIR,—I read with a great deal of interest a note in your issue of June 26th relating to the detention of cargoes of cotton, and particularly in regard to the fact that some kind of bargain has been made between our Government and the United States. I am afraid that there has been too much tenderness towards the American cotton interests, and perhaps towards the shipping people, whose profit has been made largely by freights on such material. All this tenderness has been entirely thrown away because cotton has been freely reaching Germany and is still going there, and the only common-sense method of preventing that procedure is to make it contraband absolute.

Yours faithfully,

BERTRAM BLOUNT.

"THE NEW SYMPTOMS OF HYSTERIA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

3 July 1915.

SIR,—Like some other words perfectly well understood a year ago "hysteria" has recently developed new and bewildering symptoms. Before giving instances, it may perhaps be as well to glance at the old definitions:—

"A nervous disease characterised by unrestrained desire to attract attention and sympathy."

"Extreme emotionalism combined with obstructiveness, a desire to be an object of interest, etc."

There is evident consistency here; but what of the new sense in which the word is being used, daily, by certain journalists and public speakers?

If a trustworthy and not particularly emotional witness thinks fit to record some of the disabilities under which he believes our troops to be labouring, and we do not at once discourage him—we are encouraging "hysteria"!

When an editor calls attention to the statements of a neutral observer, armed with apparently high credentials, as to the undiminished confidence of the enemy, or the extent of his preparations for some form of attack popularly regarded as only a fitting subject for ridicule—such editorial credulity is an undoubted symptom of the malady!

Above all, for anyone to hazard a reminder that the High Seas Fleet is not yet actually at the bottom of the North Sea, however long it may have been there in theory, is to bring down a storm of reproof, for daring to indulge in "blind hysteria, calculated to dishearten the nation"!

Anything, in fact, which tends to cloud over the roseate pictures painted by these mentors for their particular public is at once attributed to lack of nervous balance!

That there is hysteria in the air is only too evident; but, so far as the old definitions are capable of throwing light on

the subject, the most serious cases appear to be confined to the discoverers of the new symptoms of the disease.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

"REALIST."

WOMEN AND NURSING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 July 1915.

SIR,—It would give me pleasure to be able to clear up the misconception in the mind of the writer of the article on "National Registration" appearing in your current issue.

By his reference to women who, "having attended six lectures, believe they are competent to nurse wounded soldiers", it appears to me that the writer is quite at sea with regard to the "beliefs" of women probationers on the subject of nursing, and that he has no knowledge of their actual duties.

Since his attitude on the question impressed me as being discouraging to women probationers, I should like to point out that there is, or has been until quite recently, a very urgent need for two or three thousand of these; and that their attending six lectures (it should be twelve, since there are two courses of lectures) is one of the necessary qualifications for service in military hospitals.

Women probationers having earned these qualifications do not, however, for one moment imagine they will be allowed—or, indeed, imagine that they will be in any way fitted—to "nurse" wounded soldiers.

Their lot rather will be to wield the duster, the brush per chance, or even the homely potato knife; they will "be there" simply to assist experienced and qualified women and—obey orders.

May I say that I think that not only your paper, but some others, have by their allusions to women "rushing for nursing" shown anything but the spirit of camaraderie that is so much wanted just now? There can be no "rushing" with this work: courses of twelve lectures take up, at the very least, six weeks; there are examination tests and weeks' delay in awaiting results; a great many preliminaries to be gone through which are unavoidable; also the women have to be inoculated and re-vaccinated. Is it not, then, a pity indirectly to discourage, through your columns, recruiting among women for this important though humble work?

Yours truly,

A PROBATIONER.

["Probationer" has misread the leading article on National Registration. There is no reference "to women who, 'having attended six lectures, believe they are competent to nurse wounded soldiers'". This sentence means that no experience can be got from six lectures. The leading article says: "Girls imagine still that they can learn in half-a-dozen lectures how to nurse wounded soldiers". They are common everywhere, and some of them are unfitted by temperament to pass through the elementary training described by "Probationer". The qualities they need are self-control, precision in the noting of details, and a glad surrender to necessary criticism. To point out that girls are over-apt to be impulsive ought not to throw a chill on probationer nurses, who have begun with courage a long apprenticeship.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

A MYTHICAL SPEECH OF WELLINGTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Troyswood, Kilkenny,

22 June 1915.

SIR,—I enclose a copy of a letter which has appeared in the "Irish Times", in which the Rev. Courtenay Moore repeats a quotation from one of Wellington's speeches, attributing his (the Iron Duke's) successes to the Irish Catholics. Would it surprise you, Sir, to learn that Wellington never made any such speech?

Some three years ago my suspicions were aroused by the sentence: "I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . ." Surely, thought I, the Iron Duke could never have made use of such an expression! I therefore made the most exhaustive

researches amongst the records of Wellington's speeches, without discovering the famous passage. I consequently called at the offices of the United Irish League in Westminster, and expressed my doubts as to the authenticity of the passage, and I was informed by a responsible person that the words in question were not used by Wellington, but that they occurred in a speech of Shiels's, in which that great orator said: "The Iron Duke might, had he done justice to the Irish Catholics, have said . . . 'My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we owe, etc.'"

I was assured by the Secretary of the United Irish League that steps would be taken to prevent anyone being misled into believing that the Duke of Wellington had ever himself used those words.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERVEY DE MONTMORENCY.

P.S.—The Irish Nationalist Party have made use of the quotation from the speech in many of the pamphlets issued by them in their propaganda.

MARSHAL HAYNAU.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rosaleen, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport,

25 June 1915.

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter anent Marshal Haynau and the famous incident at Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's brewery is interesting, but I was under the impression that the cruelties perpetrated on the conclusion of the Hungarian, and not Italian, Revolution were the cause.

Now that Italy and her sufferings are in everyone's mind, why does not some enterprising publisher reissue those two famous and soul-inspiring novels by John Ruffini—viz., "Lorenzo Benoni" and "Doctor Antonio"? They deservedly enjoyed a great vogue in mid-Victorian days. Herein is the history in fictional form of the heroic Italian struggles for freedom amidst a condition of things, owing to Austrian tyranny and stupidity, hardly realisable to-day.

Yours, etc.,

R. W. WALLACE.

THE LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 June 1915.

SIR,—In regard to your correspondent's letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 12 June on the long-tailed titmouse's nest, it may be of interest to state that on 30 May I watched a pair of these birds working on a half-completed nest full forty feet from the ground. This nest was fixed in the fork of a tall, slender ash tree in a wood. It exactly matched its environment, being covered or ornamented on the outside by grey lichens identical with the lichens that grow on the ash tree itself. Consequently it was indistinguishable from the tree, and could only be discovered through seeing the birds themselves fly to it and work on it. This is a distinct type of long-tailed titmouse nest on which few or none of the hand-books on birds touch. It is utterly different in its site and surroundings from the ordinary and familiar type of long-tailed titmouse nest, which is slung in some black-thorn, dog rose, or thick bramble bush, or in furze, etc.; and I have little doubt that if we looked long and closely into the matter we should discover that the long-tailed titmice which build in the low, thick bushes and shrubs never build in the forks of ash—and oak—trees at a considerable distance from the ground; whilst those which build in the trees in the manner described—namely, always between large forks—never build in the low, thick bushes at from three to seven feet or so from the ground. This is a matter which evolutionists should examine into: it is certainly suggestive.

Yours faithfully,

B. A.

REVIEWS.

AN ESSAYIST OF THE TORIES.

"The Letters of an Englishman." First and Second Series. By Charles Whibley. Constable. Two Volumes. 3s. 6d. each.

THE papers contained in these books have been published in the columns of the "Daily Mail". They treat of life and art, and their unity is a fine Toryism, rich in ideas, but far off from party strife and its ferocity. A hermit Toryism has attractions of its own, but it does not improve those fierce controversies of the hustings in which politicians cremate the better sense called statesmanship. Again and again Mr. Whibley shows that vote-seeking and its fool-fury scorch honour and reduce to cinders and ashes the fire of national inspiration. But it is fair to add that his criticisms of modern life belong to the pre-war days. They are history, and, when we admit that their humiliating truths are free from caricature, let us try to hope that they mark decadent follies which cannot soon reappear.

That they will return, sooner or later, is easily credible, because the sentimentalist is a periodic danger in the experience of England. "He recurs at fixed periods, and then is put away again until a fresh access of weeping shakes the country. Carlyle knew him and described him in terms which are ever fresh: 'A foolish stump orator, perorating on his platform mere benevolences, seems a pleasant object to many persons; a harmless or insignificant one to nearly all. Look at him, however; scan him till you discern the nature of him; he is not pleasant, but ugly and perilous. That beautiful speech of his takes captive every long ear, and kindles into quasi-sacred enthusiasm the minds of not a few; but it is in the teeth of the everlasting facts of this universe, and will come to mischief for every party concerned. . . . Long-eared fellow-creatures, more or less resembling him, answer, "Hear, hear! Live, Fiddle-string, for ever!" Whereupon follow Abolition Congresses, Odes to the Gallows, perhaps some dirty little Bill.'" Even to-day, after eleven months of scourging war, sentimentality is active and very mischievous. Necessary duties are advocated, not as rigid, obligatory duties essential to the common good, but as favours and honours granted to the State by men and women. What we need is justice, justice in the name of heaven. "Give us justice, and we live; give us only counterfeits of it, or succedanea for it, and we die."

Mr. Whibley, with pungent wit and discreet irony, has reviewed the recurrent fever of English sentimentalism. He follows it back to the Elizabethan Puritans, who possessed in a wonderful varied degree the venom and the claptrap of supergoodness. "They made war upon every manifestation of gaiety and enjoyment. To see them at work you have but to consult Stubbes's 'Anatomy of Abuses'. That egregious Puritan, writing in 1583, left no custom or habit of his time untouched by the finger of his scorn. He was not content to reprove such sins as covetousness and usury, in which reproof he would have won the sympathy of all honest men. He found fault with all the decorative arts which embellish life. His quick eye detected crime in a jerkin, infamy in a ruff." He described starch as "the devil's liquor", and looked upon himself as fit for heaven because his hat was banded, whereas the sinful wore hats without bands. His morality was a quagmire of virulent sentimentalism. Never did he understand that joy and laughter are the only begetters of virtue and happiness. "If the music of laughter be silenced in our midst we fall into an abyss of vice, even though the bands upon our hats be of the broadest. Had the doughty Stubbes imposed his gospel upon England there would have been no Shakespeare, no Ben Jonson, no lyrical cavaliers, no noble houses, no painted record of the past." But yet, after all, the supreme vanity of the Elizabethan Puritans, in even their worst books, is not more foolish than the supreme vanity of their descen-

dants, the febrilists and illusionists of recent days and years. It is a national characteristic; and it asks Providence to let England flourish as a paradise for the "half-baked".

Another danger in our national life that troubles Mr. Whibley, as it troubled Andrew Lang, is the speed-worship that enslaves men to machines and devours topography in its annihilation of space. If every man invented his own machines, a mechanical age would have merits of its own; but to toil for multitudinous machines invented by a man here and there is not human progress, whatever else it may be. And even supposing that nations may sprint through the ages without doing harm to their health, what grace of leisure and repose can their generations add to the brief seasons of a perishable life? "May we not pay too high a price for our fierce abolition of space and time? May not the time come when we shall regret that the mile no longer contains 1,760 yards? Shall we not sigh for the simplicity—now vanished in speed—which enabled Peregrine Langton, not much more than a brief century ago, to live in dignity on £200 a year and keep always a post-chaise and three horses?"

All the papers in these two volumes can be read several times with profit. But their art is too restrained to be popular. Those who need it most of all—the electors—care nothing for literary art; they are drawn towards writers who employ words instead of thoughts. Mr. Whibley ought to be a national influence, not merely a column on Saturday in the "Daily Mail"; and in France, where thought and style are better appreciated, his fine qualities would be patriots to a much wider and keener public. Gush and illusion, not thought and style, rule in England; and Toryism and its principles are at standing odds with both. They possess the quietness of truth—a grave hindrance to the circulation of good sense, for democrats look upon truth as a noisy jade that offers equality and the millennium to gulls and dreamers. Perfectibility, the dream of sanguine Radicals, is a thing concerning which fools are talkative and wise men silent. "If we except the honourable and paramount duty of defence—defence of the Empire, defence of the Constitution—there is little indeed that politics can accomplish." For it is genius in a few great men that lifts a nation into greatness. "In human development the great man is supreme. The mass is moulded by his will or fired by his ambition. When we speak of the decay of nations we record only the fact that they have lost their leaders, or that their neighbours have been taught by genius a nobler, wiser lesson of life. . . . As we look back into the past we discern nothing but a series of individual triumphs. We remember great names and high achievements. Fame, like the courage which begets it, must ever be solitary. It is in solitude that noble schemes are conceived, noble works written. What are our annals but the annals of mighty kings and great captains, of lofty poets and profound philosophers? . . . Never was there a sterner necessity to insist upon this fact than in these days of democracy, when grandeur of any kind is a disgrace, when strength is popularly deemed a vice, and when the State looks with a haunting fear upon sincerity. It is a common complaint that the age of great men is past, that the world is sunk in a slough of mediocrity. It would be nearer the truth to admit that in the prevailing worship of numbers it is increasingly difficult for the great to emerge. There is no longer a career open to the talents, unless the talents will seize the career of revolution. None but a military tyrant would find an easy path to supremacy. And military tyrants are not often born into a drab and serious world."

But there is a weakness in all these facts. A street-bred democracy that toils for machines and sweats all day long in factories, a democracy that knows not the joy of earning art with its labour, is unimpressed by cold historic truth, that never promises to the multitude impossible boons and blessings. Tories must live with this democracy, must feel the evils of its machine-

made lot, if they wish their principles to become modernised and influential. Their rivals, the febrilists of the Cocoa Press and of other dangerous propaganda, are able to buy votes with illusions, because they, unlike Mr. Whibley, learn by suffering with the crowd what the crowd feels and fancies. This explains why Toryism is carried into power, not by its own high merits, but by a periodical reaction against Radical frenzy and hallucination. What we need is a new school of Tory writers, as truthful as Mr. Whibley, but very much nearer to the great drama of sweating toil. As officers must know their troops, so Tory writers must know the electorate. Then the discipline of their historic truth will discover sympathetic arguments and companionships.

Mr. Whibley says much that is just and beautiful about style, and he is a master of many effects. But, during the years that heralded war, his Toryism and its verities failed to reach several classes in the electorate, though they made appeal once a week to a million readers. Is it a virtue when style rises above a necessary conquest? What common sense can we expect from voters, when men like Mr. Whibley do not try to be persuasive and convincing? When Mr. Whibley explains that his Toryism "is the Toryism, not of politics, but of life and letters," he forgets that politics make up the sum of life to impassioned voters. For our democracy has been taught to believe, and it endeavours to prove by its acts, that genius does not count. Mediocrity is the deity of the ballot-box, the heaven-sent ruler. To flatter this vainglorious belief is Radicalism; to educate it into reason and discipline is Toryism; and that this education ought to be added at once to the virtues of style is proved by the brainless bungling which our electorate has inspired and approved.

Though Mr. Whibley is an excellent writer, though the short sentence in his work is always rich and never wearisome, let us ask him to be something more and better than a scholar, than an essayist in essence, too far off from the crowd to be at home in his own age and generation. Here and there he does descend. There are times when he misemploys the word "theory", for example, a word misused by journalists, as Sir Clifford Allbutt has complained. A theory is not a "guess", nor a "supposition", nor any other vague speculation. It is a doctrine supported by a great many facts and by a majority of experts. Accumulating facts turn guesses into hypotheses and hypotheses into ruling theories.

"CARE'S CHECK AND CURB."

"English Poets and the National Ideal." By E. de Sélincourt. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

"A TIME like the present", says Mr. de Sélincourt in the first of the four lectures whose text is published in this book, "when we are in the throes of a great national crisis, affecting the lives of the most callous and indifferent of us, affords a clear test of the value that we really attach to literature, and, in particular, to poetry, the highest form of literature". Are we, he continues, content to exist on scanty official news and highly coloured rumours? Has poetry been merely a pastime, or do we regard it, in the true sense, as recreation? Undoubtedly there are some, and particularly those who have superfluous leisure, who find it hard to turn their minds from the practical affairs of the moment. To read anything not intimately connected with the progress of the war would seem to them almost an act of treachery. Whether this mental abstinence is not positively harmful to everybody, both to those who practise it and to those with whom they come into contact, may well be asked. The Roman Catholic Church, by suspending its days of fast, seems to have recognised that the fact of war is as great a burden as any can bear, and the mind to-day needs at least as much as the body to acquire new strength. It is surely better to read some pages

of poetry than to listen to the whispers which run through Fleet Street on their way between the Stock Exchange and the clubs. No person with the wit to appreciate the message of the great poets can be in danger of forgetting the needs of the nation and the horror holding the world. One reads, not for the sake of oblivion, but for courage, consolation, and, above all, for wisdom.

It is somewhat disappointing to find that Mr. de Sélincourt speaks almost exclusively of those poets whose work may in a sense be regarded as "topical". The inclination to turn only to those in whose words there sounds the music of battle is obvious, but it may be doubted whether it is a right inclination. If we want to put ourselves in tune with the "national ideal" suggested by the lecturer's title we should surely try to remember England as it has been at all the glorious stages of its past, and, what is more, with all its glories. Surely Keats's nightingale and Shelley's skylark are priceless in the country's heritage, and, because they have sung and been sung, in our land, make the land one to be doubly loved? No poem that is great by its beauty of thought and form can be denounced as unsuitable for our present needs; not one of them that does not do honour to the country of its birth. Possibly, indeed, we are in greater want to-day of thoughts of past peace than of those on past wars, for the cheer of our present soldiers or a single letter from the Front may be a sign of as high patriotism as all the language of Shakespeare and Wordsworth. What our daily lives lack, what we must have as a recreative force, is width of vision. Let it be remembered, in Roscoe's words, that "the subjects of poetry are as various as Nature herself", or, as Hazlitt put it, that "fear is poetry, hope is poetry, love is poetry, hatred is poetry; contempt, jealousy, remorse, admiration, wonder, pity, despair, or madness, are all poetry".

To limit our reading to the subject of avowedly heroic history and the poems derived from it is to take a narrow and, at the best, a utilitarian view of the poet's place in the world. It is to suggest that he is merely to lead us to the point which we ourselves have appointed. The wise will turn to Shakespeare as much to catch his "woodnotes wild" as to read of the Feast of Crispian or the attack on Harfleur. Further, they will not expect the poets of to-day to drill their verse into martial shape as a matter of duty. Hasty observation sometimes leads people to believe that a time of war is fruitful in producing great poems; but, alas, the reverse seems rather to be true. The long campaigns in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. had a smothering effect on the literature which had been born with Chaucer's genius. The Elizabethan revival and Shakespeare came at a period when the country as a whole was enjoying the maximum of glory with the minimum of warlike effort. The wearisome and indecisive struggles of the Peloponnesian Wars caused the muses to leave Athens. In France the coming of the romantics, which Chénier had heralded, was delayed for more than a generation by the conflict between Bonaparte and Europe. A swift campaign and a decisive victory seem likely to vitalise art, but when the strain and drain of war are prolonged there is at least a possibility that little energy will be left for creation. Wordsworth wore himself out in the time of the nation's stress. The contemporaries of his early years were men who held aloof from the national cause. One does not doubt that out of the present strife will be born some new and glorious idea to give fresh life to English poetry; but we may have to wait through a seemingly barren period before it comes to bloom. In the meanwhile we can throw ourselves on the rich past, rejoicing to have Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth with us at this hour, rejoicing, too, in those four or five others whom Mr. de Sélincourt more shortly mentions, and in the rest, too, whom he passes in silence because they did not know war. The riches are great, but not so great that now or at any time can we afford to forget any place where they are stored.

OUR TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

"The Prisoners of War Information Bureau." By Ronald F. Roxburgh. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

IT is well that the public should know exactly how the British Government is treating our prisoners of war and aliens who have been interned under the Registration Orders. Here, at last, is the opportunity. Mr. Roxburgh has concisely and clearly put the law and the practice of the whole matter. His book runs into something less than fifty pages, but, however the reader tests it, he will find no point into which his curiosity tempts him to inquire unsettled by a reference to one or other of its sections. Mr. Roxburgh has not only mastered the necessary documents; he has also studied the practical working of the Bureau itself. He is clearly able to show that whatever else was deficient in our war measures of last year there was no lack at all of care and prevision in preserving to the prisoners of the British sword the full rights and privileges of an honourable detention.

One cannot help indulging a hope that the many thousands of German prisoners who will return to their own country when the war is finished will do something to soothe the vitriolic hatred of the German people at large and give to them a rather more reasonable view of the English character. The arrangements made for the convenience and comfort of these men put them in a position of greater ease than a very large proportion of our own workers. Their food is better; their housing is better; they communicate with their friends; they are allowed every facility for entertainment; they can spend to advantage any money they happen to possess; they are provided with good clothing and with books. All these regulations are followed according to a generous reading of the principle that prisoners of war should be treated by the Government which captures them on the same footing as the soldiers of the Government.

More significant is the careful way in which the British Government has followed the Hague recommendations for a Bureau of Information. The utmost care is being taken to inform the authorities in Berlin and Vienna as to the names and conditions of every prisoner and to preserve and to communicate all evidence as to death on the battlefield or in hospital. The most elaborate organisation has been devised to avoid delays or mistakes. Every precaution is taken to avoid inflicting upon the relatives of prisoners needless anxiety and suspense. The Bureau answers to the best of its ability all enquiries received from Germany. It preserves for restitution all property found with the enemy dead on the battlefield or in the possession of prisoners who die in hospital.

We trust this little book will be widely read in neutral countries. It is quite innocent of any Pharisaism. It is a simple record of the work done by a small Government department. But it shows in every line a care that more than the mere letter of international chivalry shall be observed. We are sure that this is in strict accord with the feeling and wishes of wise people. There was never any real call in this country for reprisals against prisoners, and frankly we have detested the idea of turning Donington Hall into Do-the-Boys Hall. That agitation was merely the fruit of a passing excitement of a few individuals who spoke before they had really thought about the matter. This little book stands equally for the first and the second thoughts of the British concerning their prisoners of war.

A STORY OF CORNWALL.

"Nicky Nan, Reservist." By "Q." Blackwood. 6s.

WITH an art that conceals art Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch tells his story, a story well worth reading, not only for its capital characterisation, but for the sake of the real smell of the sea and the breeze from the Cornish headlands that it brings with it. To "Q" Cornwall has yielded its secret. He understands as does no other living author its beauty and its strange individuality. Nowhere else have the seas

quite the same blue. Nowhere else have the people quite the same outlook on life and the same sense of humour. And Sir Arthur has the gift of transmitting to the reader his discoveries, so that even those who have never visited this county of the west are initiated by his books into its intimacies.

"Nicky Nan", the old salt, whose find of golden guineas forms the main idea of this story, is a thoroughly sound example of an old Cornish fisherman. He is intensely alive. So, too, is Miss Polsue, that pryer into the secrets of others, that thorn in the good Vicar's flesh, so characteristic of village life. Then we have that shy spinster Miss Charity Oliver, whose parents so obviously misnamed her at the font, and from whose prying windows the conduct of the population is so incessantly spied upon and so uncharitably judged. She belongs to the familiar type of village life which is always ready to put the worst construction upon the mildest action, so that to be seen emerging from a public-house is to have a character for drunkenness for the rest of life.

And all these things happen still in war time, for "Q's" story deals with the early days of the war in 1914. The people are the same, yet not quite the same. They have their feelings. Old Aun' Rundle, for instance, says it makes her feel "like the bottom of her stomach was fallin' out", and the sound of a band coming up the street "catches you" somehow. "But the funniest thing of it all is the place looks so differ'nt—an' all the more because there's so little happenin' differ'nt." To the Cornishman there was no question of the rights or wrongs of the Cause. War was here, the reserves were called out, and it behoved them all to do their best to look after those left behind. Church and Chapel, so frequent and fruitful a source of dissension in a Cornishman's life, in which religion takes so large a part, unite scandalously against the common foe. But, even so, respect must still be paid to sectarian differences. Why should Mrs. Vicar have meetings in her drawing-room that might so much more fittingly and decorously be held in the Chapel? Why should the schoolroom be used for first-aid lectures, when the schoolmaster was not on the Committee? Even in war time questions like these still rankled.

It is in the skilful handling of these small things of life, which throw such strange sidelights on human character, that "Q" excels. He writes always with an affectionate insight into men's peculiarities, and withal with such a delicate sense for the right word, the fitting phrase.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The History of Twelve Days." By J. W. Headlam. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

This is the most complete and accurate account yet published of the negotiations preceding the outbreak of war (24 July to 4 August, 1914). It is based upon the documents; and the whole field is closely covered. Nothing, for example, could be more carefully and minutely done than Mr. Headlam's examination of Sir E. Grey's policy in that decisive and fatal period. Much of the criticism of his policy now appears, one must confess, rather crude and superficial. It has been frequently asked: Should Sir E. Grey not have immediately proclaimed in July his resolution to stand in with France and Russia in the event of war? The French and Russian Ambassadors urged him to do so as the best way of securing a peace; for Germany, they argued, would not think of war with the triple Powers. It has even been said that Sir E. Grey, by delaying his warning to Germany till Belgium was threatened, actually encouraged Germany to declare war.

Mr. Headlam's reading of the documents does not bear this out. Sir E. Grey, though he did not in these early days officially declare that Great Britain would intervene, not once but repeatedly warned the German authorities by indirect and personal representations that Germany must not count on British neutrality. The German Government could scarcely have shut its ears to these warnings had it not already got past the stage when diplomatic influences were able to restrain it. There are no less than six covert but distinct warnings to Germany in these documents that Great Britain must be closely

regarded. Sir E. Grey, in fact, went as far as he could in support of France and Russia in the early stages of the negotiations. As the Foreign Minister of a democratic State he could not pledge his country to war unless he knew that his decision would be upheld by Parliament and public opinion. Public opinion, rightly or wrongly, would never have consented to declare war with Germany on the strength of the Serbian question. Had Sir E. Grey threatened Germany with hostilities at this early stage when peace was still regarded as possible he would have committed Great Britain to a war which would have divided the country and paralysed its will. Every phase of the diplomacy of these few days is examined with the same care which is given to this single phase. This is one of the books for which one predicts a permanent place in the literature of the war.

"Typical Flies." By E. K. Pearce. Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.

This book—which takes the form of a kind of photographic atlas of *Diptera* or two-winged British flies—should be welcomed by many field naturalists and observers. It is finely illustrated by little half-tone plates of many insects, familiar and scarce in this country. Mr. Pearce gives a few notes about each of the species illustrated, and readers will be able to add observations of their own. Among the two-winged here described we note the "wolf-fly," *Asilus crabroniformis*, which, he tells us, is an inhabitant of Wareham Heath in Dorset. It is the most sinister looking insect we have ever seen in this country, more cruel and suggestive of rapine than the "great wood wasp" which alarms people now and then in the country, and in Sussex has been brought to the writer of this notice as a hornet. *Asilus crabroniformis* is to be seen at this time of year and in August on rough country roads and the bands of flowery turf beside them, sometimes in the company of skippers and other little butterflies. Its appearance is strangely villainous and repulsive, but it seems to be no enemy of man's. Very different is *Bombylus major*, the charming little bumble-bee-like creature figured in this book which we have watched in spring hovering about the primulas of the garden, one of the faery *Diptera*; or, again, what a difference between *Asilus* and our little friend *Volucella pellucens*, often about this season to be seen hovering and laying her eggs in the fritillary woods of southern England! Both these flies seem to bespeak all gentleness, whereas *Asilus* or the *Oestridae*, including the horse bot-fly, bespeak all savagery. Mr. Pearce gives us Brauer's classification of *Diptera*, and a pleasant and useful preface. The volume is admirably printed and illustrated.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Chambrun, Countess de, Pieces in the Game. Putnam. 6s. net.
Hunt, J. B., War, Religion and Science. Melrose. 2s. net.
King, A. W., Paul Withnell. Wm. Dawson. 6s.
Maupassant, Guy de, Yvette. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.
Merrin, J., Pressing Problems. S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d. net.
Q (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch), Nicky-Nan, Reservist. Blackwood. 6s.
Quinn, H., Sands o' the Desert. Holden. 6s.
Roberts, A. A., The Poison War. Heinemann. 5s. net.
Treitschke, H. von, History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Jarrold. 12s. 6d. net.
Trotter, W. F., Supplement to the Law of Contract During War. Hodge. 12s. 6d. net.
Wells, H. G., Bealby. Methuen. 6s.
Wilson, Sir J., Lowland Scotch. Oxford Press. 5s. net.
Young, J. T., The New American Government. Macmillan. 10s. net.

[Will "P." the writer of the lines to E. L. W., dated May 1915, Ploegsteert Wood, which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 19 June 1915, kindly communicate with the Editor?]

EQUITABLE LIFE

ASSURANCE SOCIETY (Founded 1763)

**Bonus as usual
in spite of War**

Offices: MANSION HOUSE ST., LONDON, E.O.

The Times

in an article on Modern Life Assurance
stated that

"THE IDEAL SYSTEM"

"would be one which based life"
"assurance on as nearly as possible"
"bed-rock rates and allowed, in the"
"case of Mutual Associations, some"
"periodical sharing in the profits which"
"incidentally accrued."

THIS IDEAL IS THE DISTINCTIVE
SYSTEM OF THE

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

ESTABD.
1837.

INCORPD.
1848.

"The AIM of its Founders was to give effect to"
"the suggestions of enlarged experience:—in"
"particular, to give to the Assured the advantage of"
"low *non-participating* Premiums, without sacrifice of"
"the right to participate in Surplus."

Accumulated Funds amount to £16,000,000

HEAD OFFICE:

6 St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH

London: 3 Lombard Street, E.C. West End: 17 Pall Mall, S.W.

Life Assurance at Minimum Rates

A PLAN of ASSURANCE
SPECIALLY ADAPTED
FOR PRESENT TIMES

—For particulars address the—

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY, LIMITED,
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, E.C.
Founded 1848. Funds £10,500,000

The GRESHAM FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE

SOCIETY, LIMITED,
Transacts all classes of Fire and Accident Business.
Chief Office: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE,

Limited,

50 REGENT ST., W.

AND

4 LOMBARD ST., E.C.
LONDON.

Fire,
Consequential Loss Following Fire,
Personal Accident and Disease,
Workmen's Compensation,
Domestic Servants,
Third Party and Drivers' Risks,
Motor Car and Lift,
Burglary and Theft,
Plate Glass,
Fidelity Guarantee.

Insurances effected on the most favourable terms. The business of this
office is confined to the United Kingdom.

FULL PARTICULARS UPON APPLICATION.
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

JOSEPH A. ROONEY, Secretary.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED),

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £90,000,000
CLAIMS PAID - - - - £118,000,000

FIRE RISK.—THE LEADING INSURANCE COMPANIES ACCEPT
OUR VALUATIONS FOR BASIS OF POLICIES. INVENTORIES OF
ART COLLECTIONS, FURNITURE AND ALL OTHER VALUABLES
SECURING PROTECTION TO OWNERS ARE PREPARED IN ALL
PARTS OF THE KINGDOM.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY,
20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT
CONTRACTORS,

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice,
Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, CROSBY

Near Liverpool.

Founded 1618. Endowed Public School. Tuition Fees,
£15 per annum. Healthy residential neighbourhood, near the
sea. Good professional education, with leaving Exhibitions to
the Universities. Cadet Corps. Entrance Scholarships in
September. For prospectus apply H. CRADOCK-WATSON, M.A.,
Headmaster.

THE

WELSH CHURCH ACT.

THE action of the Government in forcing the Welsh Church Bill upon
the Statute Book by means of the Parliament Act, and bringing it
into immediate operation in spite of the Prime Minister's pledge not to
proceed with controversial legislation during the War, necessitates
continued effort in defence of the Church in Wales.

Churchmen are therefore invited to support the CENTRAL CHURCH
DEFENCE COMMITTEE, so that, when national conditions permit, an
effective campaign may be launched for the repeal of the Act.

Cheques (crossed Messrs. Hoare) may be sent to the Secretary at
the Offices of the Committee in the Church House, Dean's Yard,
Westminster, S.W.

T. MARTIN TILBY,

Secretary.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN have opened a WAR ROOM

at 43 PICCADILLY, W., opposite Prince's
Hall, where most of the war books of the
day may be seen before buying.

Telegrams: Bookmen, London.

Telephone: Mayfair 3601

ELY CATHEDRAL.

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the
"LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.
MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.
Proprietor, S. AIREY.

AT BOURNEMOUTH

HYDRO Visitors enjoy every Hotel
Comfort, with the Baths
and Amusements of a
Hydro at moderate cost.

DELICIOUS COFFEE RED WHITE & BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger
than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

CHURCH ARMY WAR WORK



HOSPITAL in NORTH FRANCE

for Allied Wounded
under French Red Cross.
100 Beds, C.A. Orderlies.
Week's Working - £150
Named Bed - - £50

BRITISH and BELGIAN REFUGEES

housed and offered work.

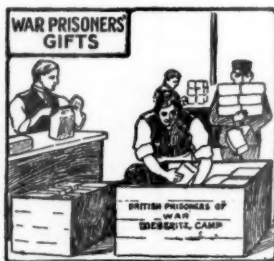


KITCHEN CAR

for wounded and weary soldiers at the Front.
Week's Working - £3
Communion requisites accompany.

WIVES, WIDOWS, and ORPHANS

of Sailors and Soldiers received and comforted in Fresh Air Homes. Two weeks' change for mother and two children - - £2

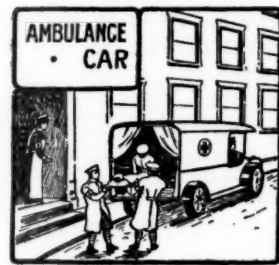


BRITISH PRISONERS

in Germany. £100 buys 500 Parcels of food and comforts.

RECREATION ROOMS for SAILORS & SOLDIERS' WIVES

£100 equips.
Week's Working - £2



AMBULANCE CARS

for the Front, under British Red Cross.
Fitting body and 3 months' maintenance - - £100
Week's Working - £3
£975 pays for 3 months' maintenance of staff for convoy of 25. Communion requisites accompany.



RECREATION HUTS and TENTS and CAMP CHURCH ROOMS

for the troops in England, France, Malta and Egypt.
Huts cost - - - £300
Tents - - - - £150
Church Rooms - £130
Week's Working - £2

PRAY PROVIDE *for the urgent need of all these branches, and of our ORDINARY WORK, which is going on much as usual.*

Cheques crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," payable to PREBENDARY CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Notes for Signallers

MORSE,
SEMAPHORE, AND
STATION WORK

*Written Specially for the use of
Volunteer Training Corps*

BY

WM. KINGSLAND, M.I.E.E.

SIGNALLING INSTRUCTOR
CHISWICK VOLUNTEER EMERGENCY
DEFENCE CORPS

4d. net

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:—"Extremely clear and explicit. Morse, semaphore, station work, etc., are fully dealt with, distinguished, and explained."—*Standard*, June 23, 1915.

London: EAST & WEST, Ltd.
3 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS.

Sixth Thousand.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE.

By FREDERICK SCOTT OLIVER,

8vo, 6s. net.

The Spectator.—"It is an admirable piece of work. . . . Everyone would be helped by reading this book."

Punch.—"Mr. Oliver makes us see ourselves as we are seen. His book is a flame that will burn away much cant and rubbish; it will 'light a candle which will not soon be put out.'"

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW NOVEL.

A FAR COUNTRY.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL,

Author of "The Inside of the Cup," "Richard Carvel," etc.
Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

T.P.'s Weekly.—"It is a long book, but for continued and cumulative interest it has few rivals in recent fiction. . . . The world revealed in this book is 'real,' and it is not only a triumph of 'characterisation,' but of character."

The Paradise of Dante Alighieri.

An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. By
CHARLES L. SHADWELL, D.C.L. With an Intro-
duction by JOHN W. MACKAIL, LL.D., F.B.A., F.R.S.L.
Extra crown 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

THE LITERARY EVENING PAPER

Special Reviews of all the Best and
Latest Books. "Gossip about Books,"
every Thursday; "Books worth
Reading," every Saturday; "Magazine
Reviews," 1st week in every month.

The Globe
Founded 1808

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The University of London is about to appoint a Principal Officer at a salary of £2,000 a year. Those who are desirous that their names should be considered are invited to communicate with the Secretary to the Senate, from whom particulars can be obtained.

Testimonials are not required, and canvassing any Member of the Senate is prohibited.

Names should reach the University not later than Wednesday, September 15th, 1915.

PERCY M. WALLACE,
Secretary to the Senate.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON,
SOUTH KENSINGTON,
S.W.

EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS WHO MAY BE
DESIROUS OF SELLING WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD
SILVER, FURNITURE, PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA,
COINS, BOOKS, OLD LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
GUNS, AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S
SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,
are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on
Owners' premises in all parts of the Kingdom are held as required.
Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY

THE CAMBRIDGE NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by S. F. HARMER, Sc.D., F.R.S., and A. E. SHIPLEY, M.A., F.R.S.

Illustrated. 8vo. 17s. net each.

Also **LIBRARY EDITION.** In Ten Volumes. Half Morocco. Gilt tops. In sets only. Medium 8vo. £8 8s. net.

Vol. I.—Protozoa; Porifera (Sponges), Coelenterata and Ctenophora; Echinodermata. Vol. II.—Worms, Rotifers and Polyzoa. Vol. III.—Molluscs and Brachiopods. Vol. IV.—Crustacea and Arachnids. Vol. V.—Peripatus; Myriapods; Insects, Part I. Vol. VI.—Insects, Part II. Vol. VII.—Hemichordata; Ascidians and Amphioxus; Fishes. Vol. VIII.—Amphibia and Reptiles. Vol. IX.—Birds. Vol. X.—Mammalia.

*. A Complete Prospectus, with Specimen Pages, post free on application.

THE GARDEN.

GARDENING FOR THE IGNORANT. By Mrs. C. W. EARLE and ETHEL CASE. 1s. net. [New Shilling Library.]

A FIRST BOOK OF SCHOOL GARDENING. By ALEX. LOGAN. Globe 8vo. 1s. 6d. [First Books of Science.]

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF SCHOOL GARDENING. By ALEXANDER LOGAN. With 102 Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Globe 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE PRACTICAL FLOWER GARDEN. By HELENA RUTHERFURD ELY. With Coloured and other Illustrations. Extra crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS. By the Hon. Mrs. EVELYN CECIL (Alicia Amberst). With about 40 Illustrations. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

THE BOOK OF THE ROSE. By the Rev. A. FOSTER-MELLIAR, M.A. Fourth Edition, thoroughly Revised by the Rev. F. PAGE-ROBERTS and HERBERT B. MOLYNEUX. With 62 Illustrations of Specimen Roses, &c. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN. Illustrated Edition. Extra crown 8vo, white buckram, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. net. Ordinary Edition, 6s. Also pott 8vo, 7d. net. With Coloured Illustrations by SIMON HARMON VEDDER. Extra crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE SOLITARY SUMMER. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Illustrated Edition. Extra crown 8vo, white buckram, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. net. Ordinary Edition, 6s. Also pott 8vo, 7d. net.

THE ODD FARMHOUSE. By the ODD FARMWIFE. Second Impression. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE COUNTRYSIDE.

A HANDBOOK ON BRITISH INLAND BIRDS. By ANTHONY COLLETT. With Coloured and Outline Plates of Eggs by ERIC PARKER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

TALES OF THE BIRDS. By W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.; extra gilt, 3s. 6d.

MORE TALES OF THE BIRDS. By W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

A YEAR WITH THE BIRDS. By W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A. With Illustrations by BRYAN HOOK. Third Edition, Enlarged. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Prize Editions, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

SUMMER STUDIES OF BIRDS AND BOOKS. By W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ROUND THE YEAR. A Series of Short Nature Studies. By Prof. L. C. MIALI, F.R.S. With Illustrations. Globe 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE EARLY NATURALISTS: their Lives and Work (1530-1789). By L. C. MIALI, D.Sc., F.R.S. 8vo, 10s. net.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ZOOLOGY, with Directions for Practical Work (Invertebrates). By ROSALIE LULHAM, B.Sc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE HUMBLE BEE, its Life History and how to domesticate it, with Descriptions of all British Species of *Bombus* and *Psithyrus*. By F. W. L. SLADEN, Fellow of the Entomological Society of London. Illustrated with Photographs and Drawings by the Author, and Five Coloured Plates photographed direct from Nature. 8vo, 10s. net.

INSECT LIFE. Souvenirs of a Naturalist. By J. H. FABRE. With a Preface by DAVID SHARP, M.A., F.R.S. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

LIFE AND HER CHILDREN. Glimpses of Animal Life from the Amoeba to the Insects. By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY. With upwards of 100 Illustrations. Nineteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WINNERS IN LIFE'S RACE; or, the Great Backboned Family. By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY. With numerous Illustrations. Eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND, AND THE CAUSES TO WHICH IT IS DUE. By the late Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY, D.C.L., LL.D. With Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE, with Notes by FRANK BUCKLAND, a Chapter on Antiquities by LORD SELBORNE, and New Letters. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. Library of English Classics.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By FRANK BUCKLAND. Popular Edition, with a few Illustrations. Each Series separately, in crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.; Prize Library, 2s. 6d., as follows: *First Series*—RATS, SERPENTS, FISHES, FROGS, MONKEYS, &c. *Second Series*—FOSSILS, BEARS, WOLVES, CATS, EAGLES, HEDGEHOGS, EELS, HERRINGS, WHALES. *Third Series*—WILD DUCKS, FISHING, LIONS, TIGERS, FOXES, PORPOISES. *Fourth Series*—GIANTS, MUMMIES, MERMAIDS, WONDERFUL PEOPLE, SALMON, &c.

FORTY YEARS IN A MOORLAND PARISH. Reminiscences and Researches in Danby in Cleveland. By Canon J. C. ATKINSON, D.C.L. New Impression, with Portraits and Prefatory Memoir of the Author by GEORGE A. MACMILLAN. Extra crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Both the following Volumes contain much practical information on Sport and Natural History. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. each; cloth elegant, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. each.

WALKS, TALKS, TRAVELS, AND EXPLOITS OF TWO SCHOOLBOYS. By Canon ATKINSON.

PLAY-HOURS AND HALF-HOLIDAYS; or, Further Experiences of Two Schoolboys. By Canon ATKINSON.

BOOKS OF ROAD TRAVEL. HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS SERIES.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

Extra crown 8vo, gilt tops, in uniform binding, 5s. net per vol.

LONDON. By Mrs. E. T. COOK. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON and FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

MIDDLESEX. By WALTER JERROLD. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

HERTFORDSHIRE. By H. W. TOMPKINS. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. By CLEMENT SHORTER. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

SURREY. By ERIC PARKER. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

KENT. By WALTER JERROLD. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

SUSSEX. By E. V. LUCAS. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

BERKSHIRE. By JAMES EDMUND VINCENT. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

OXFORD AND THE COTSWOLDS. By HERBERT A. EVANS. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By W. H. HUTTON. With Illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW.

HAMPSHIRE. By D. H. MOUTRAY READ. Illustrated by ARTHUR B. CONNIR.

DORSET. By Sir FREDERICK TREVES. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL.

SOMERSET. By EDWARD HUTTON. Illustrated by NELLY ERICHSEN.

DEVON AND CORNWALL. By ARTHUR H. NORWAY. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL and HUGH THOMSON.

SOUTH WALES. By A. G. BRADLEY. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

NORTH WALES. By A. G. BRADLEY. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL and HUGH THOMSON.

CAMBRIDGE AND ELY. By the Rev. EDWARD CONYBEARE. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

EAST ANGLIA. By W. A. DUTT. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL.

LINCOLNSHIRE. By W. F. RAWNSLEY. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS.

DERBYSHIRE. By J. B. FIRTH. Illustrated by NELLY ERICHSEN.

YORKSHIRE. By ARTHUR H. NORWAY. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL and HUGH THOMSON.

THE LAKE DISTRICT. By A. G. BRADLEY. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BORDER. By ANDREW and JOHN LANG. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

DONEGAL AND ANTRIM. By STEPHEN GWYNN. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

NORMANDY. By Rev. P. DEARMER. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL.

*. Illustrated Prospectus post free on application.

MR. HISSEY'S ROAD BOOKS.

A LEISURELY TOUR IN ENGLAND. Illustrated. 8vo. 10s. net.

THE CHARM OF THE ROAD. England and Wales. 28 Full-Page Illustrations and Map. 8vo, 10s. net.

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY WITH CAR AND CAMERA. Illustrated. 8vo, 10s. net.

UNTRAVELLED ENGLAND. 24 Full-Page Illustrations. 8vo, 10s. net.

ON SOUTHERN ENGLISH ROADS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.

THROUGH TEN ENGLISH COUNTIES. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.

OVER FEN AND WOLD. With 14 Full-Page (and some smaller) Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.

READABLE BOOKS IN NATURAL KNOWLEDGE

FULLY ILLUSTRATED. 1s. 6d. each.

THE CHANGEFUL EARTH. By Prof. G. A. J. COLE.

THE PAST AT OUR DOORS; or, the Old in the New Around Us. By WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A. and Edition.

TILLERS OF THE GROUND. By MARION I. NEWBIGIN, D.Sc.

THREADS IN THE WEB OF LIFE. By MARGARET and Prof. J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.